THE ALHAMBRA

MEDITERRANEAN IDYLS

AS TOLD BY THE BELLS

MERRYDELLE HOYT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me
By the tongue of a bell on the shores of the Sea.

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MEDITERRANEAN IDYLS

FIRST IDYL

RINGING THROUGH SPAIN

AS TOLD BY A BELL

MEDITERRANEAN IDYLS

RINGING THROUGH SPAIN

I AM so very old that my past is wrapped in a thick veil of myth and tradition, but I think I must be Spanish, for I am never without a fan and mantilla. Although a century or two has passed over my head, I am still called beautiful, and rank as a bell. But alas, my once beautiful voice is silenced forever, owing to the lack of a tongue, and I am now spending my days and nights perched on the top of the radiator of an automobile. Just at present I am on my homeward voyage from Spain and my memories of that great Mediterranean Peninsula are most vivid.

It is dark down here in the hold of the ship, but the sound of the lapping of the waves of the Mediterranean Sea makes me think and dream of the adventures just completed.

It is said that when one sense is lacking, the others take its place and become more acute, so now my eyes and ears must make up for the lack of a tongue. I certainly would have needed them all, if I had continued racing through the country at such a breakneck speed. It was a glorious life however, and while I was back in my native Spain, I tried to see and hear all that I could. Perhaps when we return to our home in America, my mistress will lend me a tongue from one of her numerous bells, for she possesses a goodly number, so that I may tell her all I have seen and heard en route. She herself always wears a tiny gold bell suspended from her neck, picked up long ago in Rome, and as the automobile rushes along, its wee tongue tinkles to me about what has happened when we are apart. You can see it hanging on the initial letter of this story.

The hardest thing to me in this mode of traveling was staying so much in garages—you see I have always been accustomed to sit quietly in elegant houses, amid luxurious surroundings, so this garage life was an entirely new experience.

Luckily my longest stay was in Madrid, in an up-to-date garage. My people were afraid to risk my precious neck on the bad roads, so they went down to Granada by rail. In Madrid I had a stall to myself; it was lots of fun watching the chauffeurs, who were all Spanish "play bull." They would take one of my lap robes, and shake it, and pretend that they were ferocious bulls—even the children (chicos as they call them in Spain) would play bull in front of our automobile on the road, coming very close and pretending it was a terrible monster which they had to dodge at the last moment. It used to scare me dreadfully, for sometimes it seemed as if we would certainly run over them. The chauffeurs themselves had a real bull fight the day we arrived in Madrid, picadors, matadors and bandarillos, all were chauffeurs, and they fought in the regular bull ring (Plaza de Toros) just like the ordinary bull fighters.

Sitting in the garage, watching and listening to all this talk and play made me listen with great interest to the story a huge bell which my mistress brought back from Seville

with her, had to tell. She found it in a street rag fair, and I thought "how are the mighty fallen" when it told of its untimely end after such a romantic life. An ugly bell it was with a big heavy wooden handle sticking out of the side, and yet it had a nice voice, as clear toned as an Alpine cow bell. But this voice, alas, was as the voice of the Lorelei, its only purpose being to lure to destruction! In the darkness of the night, the great manly bull, whose whole existence had heretofore been spent in the innocent Elysian fields of Spain would hear its dulcet tones exactly like the voice of his lady-love calling from afar, and would come prancing after it for miles, not dreaming that it was only a bell carried in the hands of a horseman who was thus luring him to his death in the bull ring.

Almost all the fighting bulls in Spain are pastured near Seville. In the dead of night, on the eve of a fight, they are thus lured into the city, never more to come out alive, for it is the law of the land that no bull shall fight more than once—if he fight well and successfully, he must be butchered outside. I used to

pity the poor things whenever I passed one in the automobile, and if I had had a tongue, I should have whispered a word of warning. My mistress visited the house of the widowed lady-love of Espartero, one of Spain's greatest bull fighters, or toreos as they are called, and there she saw beautiful paintings of these happy fields. A toreo always has a nickname —what the real name of Espartero is, I do not know, but Espartero means mat-maker. The contrast between a humble mat-maker and a fiery toreo is certainly funny. Bombita was the name of another in Seville, and that means little bomb. They tell a story of his having fallen in love with a beautiful lady who was married, and the little girl born to them never knew that her father was the famous bull fighter, the idol of the Spanish people. He, however, loved his little daughter dearly, and kept watch over her from a distance, till a rumor reached him that she was about to marry a very bad man. He promptly kidnapped her, so the father apparently eloped with his own daughter. He took her to America, where he was immediately arrested, and thrown into

prison. Now that the whole story has leaked out, steps are being taken to secure his release.

My people went to the theater in Seville, and it seemed just like an infant class at school. The audience fidgeted and fussed and hissed at each other, like so many children. The play was a brand new one, a dramatized novel by Galdos, called Cassandra, and it was all about money. A stolid old woman was determined she would leave her possessions to the Church, whereupon all her sisters and her cousins, and her aunts, not to mention nephews and nieces, descended upon her, and demanded their share. Finally the young mistress of her husband's illegitimate son, who thought she was entitled to it all, murdered her. Of course all this was in Spanish, and as my people's Berlitz equipment in the language was not quite equal to a full understanding, they took an interpreter with them.

Perhaps the reason for hearing so many somewhat risqué stories in Seville was because Byron's Don Juan was born there—besides, they say that in summer it gets so hot that if you open your mouth out of doors, you will

STREET IN SEVILLE

burn your tongue.

Of course my mistress sketched all the belfries she could find in Cordova, Granada and Seville. I took a peep at her sketch-book when she returned, and recognized so many of my old friends it made me homesick to go down there myself. There was the Giralda tower with its many bells. It used to be a minaret, or prayer tower in the days of the Moors (1184). The Cathedral was then a mosque, and has since been used as the model for the tower in Madison Square Garden, New York, thus spanning the years to-day between Spain and the New World as the seas were once spanned so many years ago when Columbus sailed from Spain to discover the Western Continent. That was one reason why I was especially interested in the Giralda tower—another, of course, was on account of the bells, they were up so high, three hundred and five feet above the ground, and each one had really been christened with holy oil and given a name. One was called La Garda, another El Cantor and another San Miguel. The tower itself was built out of pieces of old Roman and

Gothic buildings on a square of forty-five feet. The walls were eight feet thick, and sometimes old Latin inscriptions would be found sticking to the stones—one of them was from the Book of Proverbs.

It seems strange that in New York the weather vane on the top of the tower should be the old Roman goddess Diana, while the vane Giraldilla in the Seville Tower should be named Faith. It is thirteen feet high and weighs one and one-fourth tons, and carries the banner of Constantine—the first conqueror to force Christianity into the world. Beneath this tower inside the Cathedral at last lie the remains of Christopher Columbus; poor fellow, his bones traveled almost as much as he did; first they were buried in Valladolid, then they were brought to Seville; they stayed in a suburban church there for a year, and were then taken to Haiti. After the French took Haiti, the body was removed to Havana (1796). Finally in Havana this mighty sarcophagus was made, four hundred years after the soul had departed, and now resting on the backs of four kings, the North, East,

South and West, it has at last found a place of honor in the Cathedral at Seville. The inscription upon it refers to "ungrateful America from its Mother Spain." It was on my mistress' birthday, March 31st, nearly four centuries before she was born, that Columbus was first formally received in Seville. Several of his manuscripts are preserved in the Cathedral—among them one written by him while in prison relating to the Biblical indications of the New World. He wrote this to pacify the Inquisition.

The discovery of America advanced Spain to an unparalleled importance as far as notoriety went; some say to an unparalleled unimportance in regard to the actual good it did to its own people, as the craze for gold had a most demoralizing effect.

In Seville my mistress sketched the Pillars of Hercules. You know Hercules is supposed to have discovered Spain, just as Columbus discovered America. With one foot on the continent of Africa he spanned the Straits of Gibraltar, placing the other on the continent of Europe. Where his foot rested

on African soil a castle was built. It was from one of its parapets that the heir to the last of the Gothic kings was thrown to his death. His mother Frandina, a woman of masculine courage and understanding, was the first Suffragette in Europe. With her death, came to an end the supremacy of the Romans and the Goths, and the Moors rushed in to Seville with this watchword, "May Allah grant that Islam may rule eternally in this city."

All these things the bells my mistress brought back with her told me, and her sketches too took me back to the old days when the Moors ruled in Seville, and Granada and Cordova.

Cordova, the city of Pompey, is now but a ruin and a remembrance. Even the bells in the top of the tower, once also a minaret, mourn over its desolation, for the Cathedral was intended to have been a second Mecca, next in size to the largest mosque of Islam, a place for pilgrimages, its area equal to that of St. Peter's at Rome. Its many hundred mosaics, now being uncovered for the first time, came from Constantinople. The flowing na-

ture of the arches above the motionless columns were meant to recall the crossing and interlacing jets of many fountains, the dome to resemble a pineapple. You know it is against the principles of the Mohammedan religion to copy living things. On the headstones in the cemeteries of Constantinople a turban only marks the grave as that of a human being.

The bells on their height of two hundred and twenty-five feet with St. Raphael poised above them, look down on a panorama of ruined city, river, mountains and desolate fields, and my mistress was glad to leave it all, and take the train to Granada. There again an old minaret had been turned into the bell tower of St. Peter and St. Paul—but, "you may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

Thus Charles V might build his big, ugly palace inside the Alhambra with his motto *"plus ultra"* stuck over everything (before the discovery of America it had been *"ne plus ultra"* as Spain was supposed to mark the limit of the Western World). All the minarets might be changed into bell towers, still

the memory of the Moors will always cling to Granada and its Alhambra, or Red Tower, as the name signifies. Their architecture is like unto tents, the pillars tent poles, the sides tent embroidery. Everything connected with the Moors seems to suggest the "open" and their houses are but permanent tents.

Mohammed said, "Thou givest safety from the breeze to the blades of grass, and inspirest terror in the very stars of heaven. When the shining stars quiver, it is through dread of thee, and when the grass of the field bends down, it is to give thee thanks."

So there is a suggestion of caves and water in their architecture, dripping water forming stalactites. This thought must have been in the minds of the Moorish builders, for an inscription over a certain recess reads "He who comes to me tortured by thirst, will find water pure and fresh, sweet and unmixed. I am like the rainbow when it shines, and the sun is my life." So everywhere around the Alhambra is the sound of running water, and when my mistress made her sketch from the Generalife or "Garden of Arif" she could look

down on the Valley of the Darro, and think of the Moors with their love of nature. She could see the Alhambra with its gate through which Boabdil fled, which was afterwards walled up by his own request, and singing in her ears was the old ballad:

There was crying in Granada,
When the sun went down,
Some calling on the Trinity,
Some calling on Mahoun.

Here passed away the Koran,
There in the Cross was borne
And here was heard the Christian bell
And there the Moorish horn.

Well it is a far cry from a Moorish palace to a garage; to tell the truth, I was getting just a wee bit tired of staying quietly in my stall in Madrid, and longed to be out on the road again.

You see I had only made two trips since my arrival, one to the Escorial and one to Toledo. The Escorial was interesting but gloomy on account of its basement being so filled with dead bodies; there are even empty coffins

resting in their niches waiting for the present young king and queen. No queen can be laid in the royal vault unless she has borne a child. There is a room for all the little royal children also who have died in their infancy.

I enjoyed Toledo immensely, for the streets were too narrow for me to motor in, so I rested and watched the people and listened to the bells, while my master and mistress wandered about in this old Gothic capitol, where it is said, toleration and intoleration have been without parallel. My mistress made a sketch from the Alcazar of the belfries in the distance and Cervantes house just below. She had just reread Don Quixote, so the house interested her mightily, and she was always giggling over the barber's pans hanging in front of the barber shops. She could see the poor old Don wearing one on his head, and could hear him saying, "To you it may be but a barber's pan, but I know it is a helmet." Still, of course, to me the thing of paramount interest was always the bells. One was the famous Campaña Gorda, weighing two tons. Poor thing, it has been cracked by a too vio-

lent use of the clapper (*badajo*) which here rests on the floor. The Gorda is surrounded by eight bells, and farther up are two more. In another stage of this tower is the huge wooden rattle, which is used continuously from Maunday Thursday till high mass on the Saturday before Easter. Just think, these three days are the only period of rest during the whole year for the bells of Spain in common with those of all Catholic Christendom.

My mistress longed for time to sketch by the Alcantara bridge; it is over the Tagus river, which surrounds the city on three sides, making it look like a full masted ship about to sail. However, as it has stood in that position for more than ten centuries, and watched the coming and the going of the Romans, the Moors and the Goths, I don't believe it will ever start off, but just remain forever as it now is, the Mecca of artists and tourists.

I enjoyed the lovely twilight ride back from Toledo to Madrid, except when in passing through crowded little villages, children would try to snatch me off from my small perch. Luckily, Frederico, the chauffeur, looks after

my comfort very carefully and allows no one to handle me but himself.

The rest in Madrid did me lots of good for the journey hither had been a hard one, being my first attempt at mountain climbing. Crossing the Pyrenees I had experienced a curious sensation; the radiator under me got so hot I thought I should burst. Frederico noticed the beads of perspiration dropping from my brow. He jumped out and unwound me, and I bounced off as if shot out of a gun, and rolled over on the ground, followed by volumes of steam. I also remembered being cold in Burgos. They say it is the coldest spot in Spain, and that the sun like all other good things has to be imported there *(nueve meses de invierno, tres de infierno)*. Snow has been known to fall there at the end of June. I remembered Papa Mocas, the funny little old bell inside the Cathedral, and how my mistress waited to see the queer little man lean over and tap the hour.

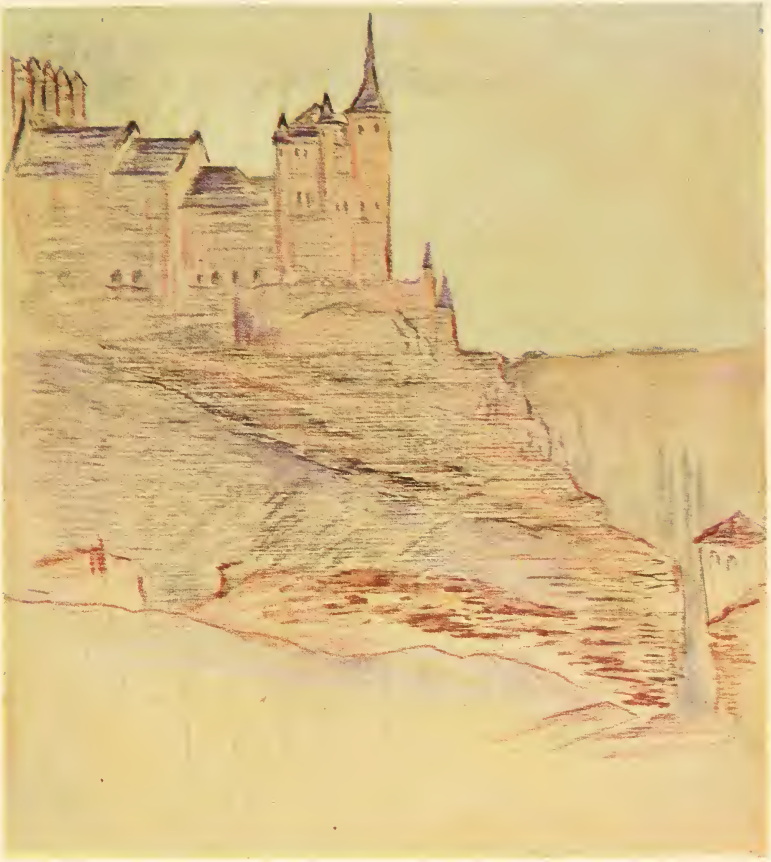
My quarters in both Vitoria and Burgos, en route to Madrid had been fairly good, even if in Vitoria it was only a machine shop, and

I had to zigzag around a pump to get in. In Burgos mine was the first machine to enter a brand new garage.

But at last we left Madrid, about seven o'clock in the evening. For some distance many automobiles accompanied me. If I had realized that I was to cross the great Gaudarrama Mountains after dark I would have been scared to death, for we went through a cloud and then it rained, and O! how glad I was to find myself safe and sound in Segovia. But, alas, after that my life was a lonesome one, as for many days, not another automobile was to be seen. I had very funny quarters in Segovia. There was no garage and the automobile had to go through the front door of a private house, and live in the parlor. I could look across the street at the old ruins of the famous Cathedral, and I heard my mistress say she would rather spend a week sketching in Segovia than in any other place in Spain. Of Iberian origin, it, too, like Toledo, resembles a ship in full sail going toward the setting sun, an unmatched picture of the Middle Ages. Its history is written in its

belfries, and its city walls with their eighty-three towers and old aqueduct. Funny how the Romans with all their learning never realized that water would seek its own level without the help of all this heavy masonry!

I too liked Segovia; there were so many bells —some were ringing all the time. In fact what made me take such a fancy to Spain was that every time we would enter a town, all the bells would see me coming and ring out sweet welcome. Even the donkeys as they passed loaded down with stones or bread in their immense panniers would give me a friendly wink and shake their bells at me, and as for the mules, their necks were covered with bells, several rows of little ones and a big one in the middle. I always associate three things with the first sight of a town in Spain, two tall cypresses making a sort of gate through which we were to enter, a belfry and a bull ring. No matter how small the town, there they were, and in the country, flowers, like a Turkish rug of purple and yellow and magenta, with now and then a great red Baedecker of poppies thrown down on the landscape. Poor



SEGOVIA, "LIKE A FULL-MASTED SHIP ABOUT TO SAIL"

little shorn lambs, wearing huge bells out of all proportion to their little shrunken bodies, and half-shorn donkeys, made me wish the cold wind might have been tempered a bit. My mistress said it was June, but I know it was December, and so did the peasants—peesants as Louis, the guide, called them—by the way they were muffled up. My mistress herself was wrapped in a coat, heavy overcoat, thick rubber coat, and wound with mufflers and heavy woolen Jaeger gloves, while I still had only my mantilla and fan to keep me warm, and I felt sorry for the poor little carved Virgin my mistress had bought, standing up in the automobile, with only a piece of paper between her and the cold wind. It was some comfort to think that as she was minus hands, there was no danger of their freezing. They tell a story of a Virgin in one of the towns through which we passed. She was called "Our Lady of the Die" because a gambler, having unsuccessfully called on her for aid in the game threw one of his dice at her, whereupon she began to bleed. If you look carefully you can still see the spots of

blood. I believe this was in Leon.

On the road to Zamorra and Leon and Palencia, I just hated my life. Up there on the radiator I was splashed with mud from head to foot, even one eye had a great splotch. The only fun I had was seeing the women tumble off their donkeys and the men being waked from their siestas in the ox-carts. Frederico learned to call "Oorah, Oorah" in a truly Spanish way to all the oxen, mules, sheep and jackasses. I know that all of them would have been far more frightened at our big touring car if they had not seen me perched up there in front. They were used to bells, you see.

The very bigness of the automobile caused us no end of trouble at the last, for our tires could not be duplicated. I was standing so near the front tires, I could hear them grumbling, especially over the flat, rutty, wet roads. Finally one of them uttered a loud protest and burst with a report like a gun. A patch was put on to silence its voice, and after that it kept quiet.

Sometimes staring me in the face was a

sign that meant I was in for a bounce, as a sort of inverted "Thank you, ma'am" or waterway was approaching.

Another sign meant a railroad crossing. In Spain, the gates shutting off the track are manipulated entirely by women. The week before we entered Spain, an American automobile had approached one of these closed gates at night, and had tried in vain to awake the female watchman. After waiting an hour, seeing what seemed to be a possible road round about, the chauffeur tried it, with the result that his automobile got stuck between the rails. A train approached; frantically he waved the motor car's lighted lamps, but in vain, the train crashed into it, and when we left Spain, the American Consul, and the Spanish Government were still trying to decide who was to blame.

Of course that made me watch all the signs of the road very carefully. The words "Curva Violenti" made my heart throb, but I knew Frederico so well by this time, I was sure he would "Peligro automobiles Despacho" in other words, go slowly. A *V* sign

meant a bridge and I must say all the bridges I went over in Spain were good ones, many of them dating back to the old Roman days. They were of stone, quite narrow with Vs at the sides for the passerby to slip into when an automobile, a flock of sheep or a team of oxen would fill up the space.

I was so surprised at Leon, the poorest appearing city we visited, to find myself in an up-to-date garage with the nicest kind of accommodations, for we had met no automobiles, and at Zamorra, the town just before, I had had to zigzag around mules and stay all night in the open courtyard. The street approaching this courtyard was so narrow, it seemed as if it would be impossible ever to get me out again, and for the privilege of staying out in this cold bleak yard my people had to pay a goodly sum. But that was nothing to the price they paid for gasoline that day. They bought it at a drug store outside the city walls, and it cost at the rate of twenty-four dollars for one filling.

In Palencia I slept on the back veranda of a Singer Sewing Machine office. It was fun

watching the girls sew.

These bad, wet roads kept up for thirty miles beyond Palencia, when all of a sudden we struck into the mountains that I had seen in the distance, and that my heart had dreaded, but my, the difference! I had not realized that we were really up so high all through this cold, wet, level country till we began to descend. The road became in surface like the best of Massachusetts roads; there were sharp curves and tremendous drops. The poor patched tire whispered to me that it was going to hold tight till we got down on the level. There were no bells in these mountain fastnesses, I don't know why, because there was much more for the sheep to eat here on these northern slopes than back on the plains. Beautiful trees and shrubs, and ferns and waterfalls greeted the eye in every direction. Suddenly the road became messy again. I heard the jangling of Cathedral bells, which always proclaimed my entrance into a town. Trolley cars also gave me a friendly tinkle, and we found ourselves once more by the sea at Santander on the Bay of Biscay. There I lodged with all sorts of

motor boats in a sheet iron structure called a modern garage.

Who was it said that there was no curiosity in the Spanish people? Whoever did made a mistake, for my mistress never sketched, the automobile never stopped, an open air luncheon was never eaten, but that it was a signal for the gathering of all the little children—*chicos* and *chicas*—and for all the men and women in the vicinity.

My last night in Spanish territory was spent in another private house in Durango, the door of which was just wide enough to allow the car to enter. A lot of tables and chairs were stored in the same room, and I had hardly space in which to breathe, but the little village was filled with happy people dancing on the gravel all day and half the night long celebrating their patron Saint's day.

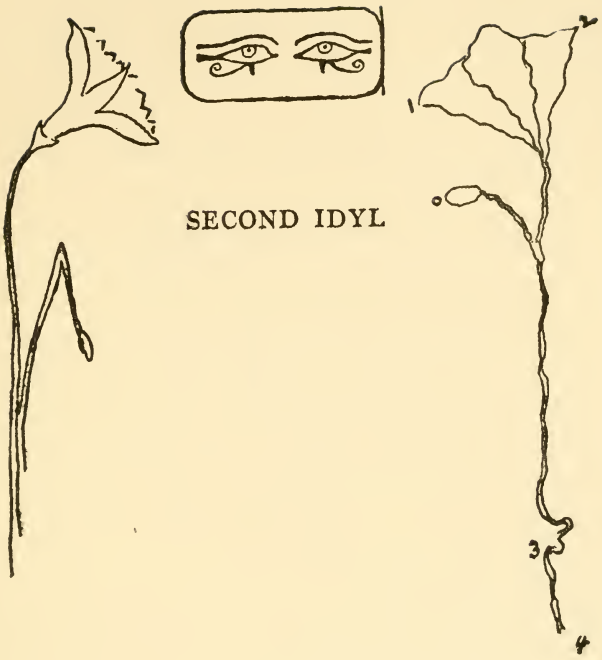
The old rotten tire again whispered to me that it was going to get me out of Spain all right and into the model garage at Biarritz, a garage so perfect that any city might be proud of it; floors slanting so that the chauffeur might always get his car out without cranking,

bedrooms and restaurant for the chauffeurs, equal to the nicest kind of a little hotel. I had stopped there on the way into Spain, and I certainly did look forward to being clean and respectable once again, and I heaved a sigh of relief when I found the tire had kept its word and landed me safe and sound. This garage is the great meeting place of cars from all over the world; the king's car and the Americans' car on the same level; but with all this luxury I sometimes longed for the simple little villages of Spain with their bells and their belfries, and I thought of one special belfry on which a stork had built a nest (they say the stork is always hovering over the royal palace). The little storks were in their nest while the father stork stood on one leg looking down into the huge bells as they clanged their last good-by to me. I can see now in imagination, the old belfries of Spain when they once were the minarets of the Moors, and in place of the ringing of the bells, I can hear the call of the Mohammedan to prayer "Allah, Allah. Great is Allah and Mohammed is his prophet."

My mistress is bringing back with her a book

of poems which the author, a Spanish Marquis, gave her as a parting present, and in my ears above the noise of the ship as it plows its way through the Mediterranean rings the closing line:

"Des cloches le langage est toujour éloquent."



SECOND IDYL

AMONG THE LOTUS BLOSSOMS

AS TOLD BY A PILLOW

AMONG THE LOTUS BLOSSOMS

EVERY child, no doubt, has been brought up on Hawthorne's wonderful fairy tales about the ancient Greeks, and knows the story of Pandora and her Box by heart.

Well, I am not Pandora, nor her Box. I am really only a soft little yielding pillow filled with down. You may not think a pillow could possibly know anything, but my mistress always takes me on her travels.

On the outgoing voyage this winter I lay on the back of the steamer chair basking in the sunshine and idly enjoyed watching the blue waves of the Mediterranean; such a contrast to the vigorous winter we had left behind.

But now on the return trip I am all stuffed up with facts and fancies mixed in with my feathers.

You see just before going to Egypt, my mistress embroidered on me a pair of big Egyptian eyes, never dreaming that I was really going to look through them. Then she put a cord around me, with little loops at the corners, that I could use for ears. Finally she forgot to sew me up quite tightly, so that gave a chance for all these little facts and fancies to slip into me quite easily.

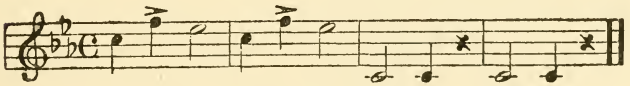
She carried me with her wherever she went in Egypt, so I was pushed and squeezed into all sorts of queer out-of-the-way nooks and corners.

If she had only let me alone to lie quietly in the cabin of our lazy Nile steamer, I would have been perfectly satisfied. With my two big eyes I could have watched the beautiful boats go sailing by which my mistress was forever sketching. She called them the Butterflies of the Nile. They are entirely different from our American sailboats. For one thing they can only sail in one direction, and that is straight with the wind. Isn't it fortunate that the wind nearly always blows upstream? So when they turn around they sim-

ply float back with the current.

And the boats are just the same pattern as the ones in which Cleopatra used to ride so many hundred years ago. But the word boat is different. It is such a big word, *"dahabeah."*

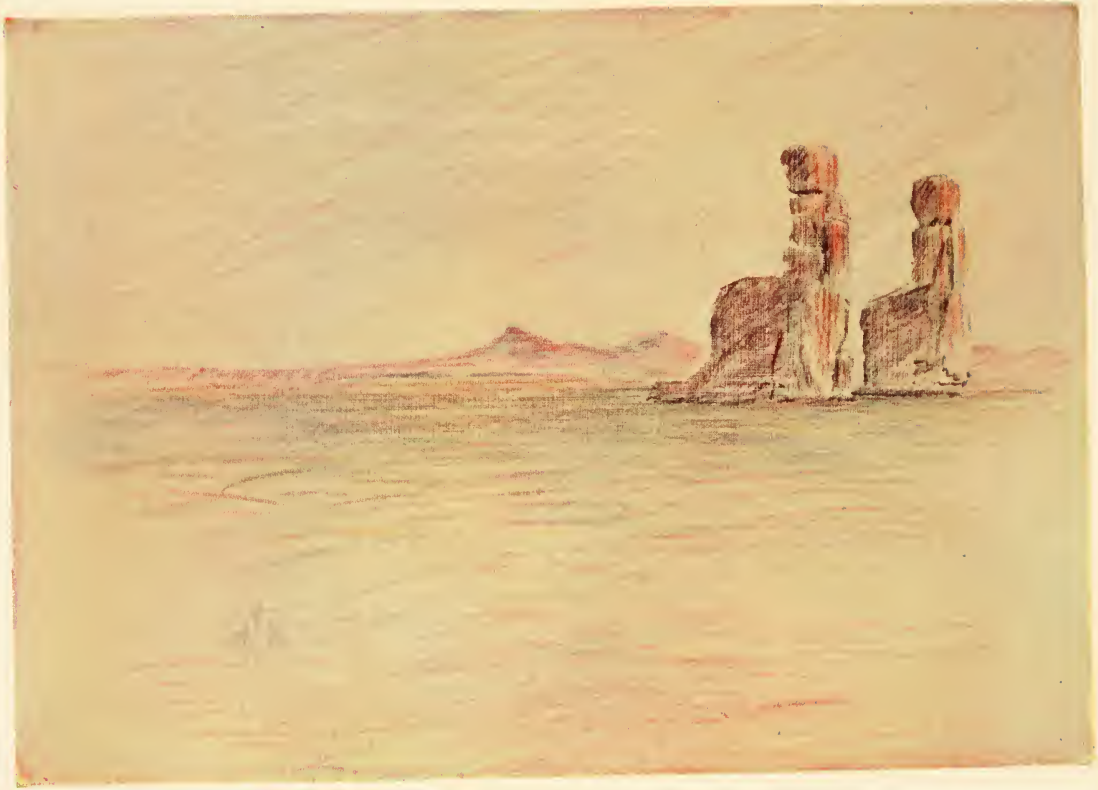
Instead of letting me lie there quietly, I was poked ignominiously under her knee whenever she rode a donkey, or else I was carried under the dirty, smelly arm of an Arab boy who had to run as fast as the donkey. Of course he would perspire, and that was not a bit nice for me. I liked best the chairs carried on poles supported on the shoulders of four Egyptian men. They would sing as they walked, something like this:



and that put me to sleep. I learned afterwards that it meant "Lord help us! Lord help us!" Once I had to ride on a camel—sixteen miles—and a trotting one at that, and I got so flattened I thought I would never puff out again. My mistress insisted on always tak-

ing me with her, and then when she got to some specially nasty, dirty old place, she would plump me into it and sit on my back and sketch. I positively choked to death in some of those old tombs, and once I nearly caught my death of cold lying on a lump of plowed ground. You see Egypt is a rich agricultural country just as far as the Nile can overflow its banks. Beyond that lies the desert on both sides of the river.

This particular lump of plowed ground was on the edge of the desert, so in color there was a distinct line of demarkation, the vivid green of the crops on one side, the gray desert on the other, and she was sketching the Colossi, two lonesome old statues, that have been sitting and looking at the grandeur that once was Thebes for ever and ever so many thousand of years. They are so lonesome that it is said they cry all the time, and according to the old folklore of Egypt, their tears are what make the profuse dew of Egypt. My mistress has always been taught that a beautiful object should never be defaced by the carving of one's name upon it. But time, if there is enough of



THE COLOSSI OF MEMNON

it, sometimes makes even wrong things seem right, and when she read the names of Hadrian, the old Roman Emperor, and Balbilla, the ancient poetess, it made those statues seem very human. Did you know that the map of Egypt is shaped just exactly like a lotus flower? The lotus blossom is something like a pond lily, if you can imagine a pond lily as single instead of double.

The wavering line of the river makes the limp, undulating stem, while its numerous mouths, or delta, outline the blossom. Look it up on a map and you will see the resemblance.

It is too bad the lotus flowers no longer grow in Egypt. The river used to be full of them, and the old Egyptians were so fond of the pretty lilies that they made the columns of their temples look like them, straight and tall, and bursting into bloom at the top, sometimes into just one pure, full-blown flower, sometimes into a bud, and then again into a cluster of

Note: In the map of Egypt, on page 37, the numbers refer to:—0, Fayum; 1, Alexandria; 2, Port Said; 3, Thebes; 4, First Cataract.

buds tied together, and all painted the loveliest shades of blue and copper.

You see, I really learned a great deal traveling about so much.

While my mistress would be sitting on me in the tombs (queer woman, she seemed to like being in tombs and with dead people if they had been dead long enough) I used to get one eye out and one ear and then I would peep at all those old gods and goddesses that some people made fun of and some were mightily interested in, until I knew them quite by heart.

The old Egyptians had an idea that the world was flat like the top of a basket and that they lived on the lid. The bottom of this basket was immersed in oceans of water. What became of the sun at night they could not imagine—you know it never rains in Egypt, so of course the sun shines every day, popping up every morning and disappearing every night over the earth's rim, in a blaze of glory, all day long making things to grow, spreading life everywhere. Thus they thought it was a god, and worshiped it. In the morning it was the little boy Horus, with hawk head,

meaning that he was getting ready to fly, at noon as Ra, the father, and in the evening Mut, the mother. At night the god dropped down underneath the world and apparently died, so they made him look like a dead man or mummy. Then they gave him a new name, Osiris, and he is generally pictured as seated at the top of a staircase, or in a niche. Being dead, of course he could not stand alone, so he is often represented as being propped up by another god. This other god is named Anubis, and has a dog's head. There are so many stories in these days of how a dog who has been faithful to his master all through his life will often be found watching by his master's dead body that I imagine that is what gave rise to this idea, for people were really the same in those days as they are to-day. I suppose Anubis was really the prototype of our faithful old watchdog Tray.

At the birth of a little Egyptian baby, pictures on the walls always make him appear as twins. There are always two babies and two nurses, and he is given two names, one by which he is to be known in this world, and one in

the world to come. This last name is what is called his "Ka" or spirit name, and when he died, or in other words, slipped under the lid of the basket, he was henceforth to be known only by his Ka name.

If you ever go to Egypt you will constantly see this basket painted on the walls, and now you will know what is meant by it. The whole history and mythology is written in pictures on the walls. The word for these pictures is, as of course you know, Hieroglyphs, but Ibrahim, my mistress' guide, always pronounced it "Higher Griefs," so it was a good while before she quite understood what he was talking about. It took a good deal of study and sketching on her part to form any clear conception of what these queer contorted figures really meant. In the first place, perspective in the modern sense was denied them, probably by law, so you will see the face turned one way, the body another, the feet another. The top of a picture meant things at a distance, or in heaven; the bottom, things near to, or earthly. My mistress noted this particularly in one of the tombs, where she tried to sketch by the light of a tallow candle.

And that reminds me, where did the Egyptians get their light by which to paint these pictures? There are no blackened, sooty spots to be found, and yet "Egyptian darkness" is no metaphorical term, but a veritable fact. There is a darkness that can almost be felt, as I realized to my sorrow in this very tomb.

The pictures on the wall where I was being squashed to death on a dusty stairway, represented the journey of a dead man into the watery world beneath the lid of the basket. He was in a boat, of course. It was being hauled by a whole lot of gods and goddesses.

Imps that lived down there would keep popping up, asking the poor dead body all sorts of questions, such as, "What is the name of your boat?" The answer should be "Hennu." "What is the name of the left oar?" "What is the name of the right oar?" "What is the seat on which you are standing called?" "What is your Ka name?" If he could not answer correctly, they would tease him cruelly, just as Freshmen at college are hazed by their upper-class men.

Of course, there were some good spirits who

tried to help the poor fellow by prompting and whispering the correct answers in his ear.

Sometimes little figures like dolls were buried with him, who made the replies for him. They were called "Answerers" or Shabti. If you ever go to Egypt you will wonder why so many little blue dolls were made, and now you will know.

If a little Egyptian baby belonged to a royal family, his name is always written inside of a little oval frame with a line at the side. The name by which he was known when he was alive comes first, then the spirit one, and between the two will be a little bird and a ring with a dot in it. The ring represents the sun, and the whole is pronounced The Son of the Sun. Finally a book was made for him called "The Book of the Dead," or "The Book of Breathings," and a copy was buried with him, containing the dead man's names and any other information it was necessary for him to have. It was propped up between his legs, so he could easily read it, so whenever he had nothing else to do, he could spend his time studying the replies. If he ever forgot anything

during the period of examination, he could take a peep at it and refresh his memory.

You see, these old Egyptians thought it was absolutely necessary to save the whole body, if they ever expected to go to heaven, so the body was embalmed and made into a mummy. Then the heart was put into a vase and into it were stuffed all the naughty things he had ever said or done. Imagine, if your hearts had to be put into a vase with all this stuffing, how big do you think the vase would have to be? I am sure my pillow cover would never hold them all—the feathers would surely burst out of every stitch.

Besides, the vase had to be weighed—this was the most awful test of all. It was put on one side of a scale and a feather on the other. My mistress made a sketch of the goddess of justice, with the feather on her head. As usual she had to sit on me on the ground to do it, and peep through a railing which shut off the entrance to the cave-like tomb. When this poor little heart was weighed, there were forty-two solemn looking judges all in a row. The head one had a monkey with him; why, I don't know.

These judges asked him a whole lot of questions,—in fact, they asked just forty-two —why he had lied to this man, why he had been mean to another, etc.

If his wicked acts had been so many that the scale just balanced with the feather, the heart was destroyed, the mummy was destroyed, and there was never any future life for him. That was the most awful punishment that could possibly happen to him.

The great desire of the old Egyptians was to keep on living after death. That was the reason they were embalmed so carefully, they thought they couldn't live if the body was eaten up by worms. They knew beforehand that their hearts were going to be weighed, so they tried to bribe their judges. You will see on the walls a king offering a dish of vegetables to one god, the king and his wife offering a goat to another, the king even trying to bribe a god by offering a piece of cloth or bread, or trying to explain to the gods that he had built so many beautiful temples for them that he thought it ought to count in his favor.

These acts really helped a good deal toward

OLD MEMPHIS

softening the judges.

When at last the heart had triumphantly stood the test of all this questioning and weighing, it was allowed to come into the light, and live forever in the Elysian Fields of Egypt—their heaven.

The idea of heaven was just Egypt over again, where the Nile would overflow its banks just enough to produce fine crops, but not so much as to melt their mud houses. You know, their houses are built of sun-dried mud and not of wood or stone like ours.

But their tombs are like underground palaces, dug deep down into the earth, and the walls are covered all over, every inch of them, with pictures of the way they would like to live—that is, doing no work but having everything done for them, the fields tilled, the ground plowed, the bread baked, all by fairy hands.

But in order to enjoy all these good things the heart must actually get back into its body; that is another reason why the bodies are so carefully saved and hidden. At the time of the embalming, the body must be presented with the key of life. It looks something like

a tennis racket. The water of life must be poured over its head; its mouth must be propped open and the breath of life blown into it, and there it lies waiting for the return of the heart. It would be waiting there still, deep down in the sealed-up mummy chamber, if all of us so-called civilized nations—Americans, Germans, Italians, etc.—had not all the time been digging the bodies out. Sometimes the diggers find only beads, sometimes furniture. Napoleon was one of the first to find furniture, and our Empire chairs date back to his visit to Egypt. When the excavators open up a new tomb, of course the air rushes in, and many times causes everything to crumble away. That is the reason the objects are now to be seen encased in glass, mostly in museums.

On account of this tendency to crumble, the people who are superintending the digging immediately photograph each process, first the ground as it looks before a spade has touched it, then the door that the sands of time have kept covered, and so on all through the whole "find" as they call it. The wives of the diggers are kept busy stringing the many beads, fol-

lowing the patterns that are found in the pictures on the walls.

You remember how in Hawthorne's beautiful children's stories of Greek mythology, Cupid called his mother Aphrodite. Well, the little hawk headed Horus' pet name for his mother Isis was Hathor. She used to pretend she was a cow, I suppose because mothers give milk to their little babies, so you can easily recognize her image by the horns on her head. She had a sister Nephthys, who is often mistaken for her, but you can tell the difference between the two goddesses because, in addition to the horns, Hathor has a little chair on top of her head, and her sister has what looks like an umbrella stand.

The different crowns or headgear of the Egyptian gods is a study by itself. The most important of all to remember, however, are those of Lower and Upper Egypt. You know, the Nile is upside down on the map. It is almost the only river in the whole world that flows northward, so Lower Egypt is on the top of the map, and Upper Egypt at the foot. The crown of the King of Lower Egypt

looks exactly like a bottle, perhaps because the water is deepest there just before it empties into the Mediterranean Sea. The crown of Upper Egypt at the bottom of the map resembles a dipper.

Now when the bottle is in the dipper the king, who wears this curious crown, used to be Lord over the whole of Egypt. You will be seeing these crowns all the time, and this thought will help you to remember, because everything over there seems very complicated. Of course I would of myself never have understood if I had not listened to my mistress and afterwards stored these explanations away inside of me. For instance, she was pointing out to somebody what a pretty idea the gods of Yesterday and To-day convey. They stand back to back with the sun in between. Of course all these stories are to be read on the walls, but people traveling in Egypt are generally in too much of a hurry to ferret them out.

Strange to say, the pictures I liked best were those of the vultures. It seems a little queer to like vultures, but these are so often painted

right over me, and I can see them so plainly while my mistress is sketching. They are painted in such beautiful colors and always seem to be flying *in* to the temple, never out. I heard afterwards that that is because they are supposed to be bringing in tidings of victory to the spirit of the dead king. The vulture is an emblem of motherhood also, why, I do not know, unless the outspread wings convey a sense of protection.

The king was always very glad to receive news, for he was hidden so deeply away in a room down beneath the ground. Even his door was plastered up and all smoothed over so nobody could possibly suspect it was there.

But after all he wasn't a bit lonesome, for he had two big eyes painted on his coffin, just like mine, and two more on the wall. He could peep through them any time he wanted, to see how much his friends really remembered him. If they thought a great deal of him, they would bring him presents, food and wine, and those blue dolls I told you about—the answerers, you remember.

Of course his relatives couldn't get into the

room where his body lay concealed, but there was an image of him that looked exactly like him, placed in an outside room, and they gave the presents to it. They called it his double, or Ka.

Another thing that kept him from getting lonesome was that whenever his spirit felt like wandering about it could sneak through an imitation door, painted or carved on the wall of his room, and get into a little bird called the Bennu bird and fly all over the world. This bird had a human face. Sometimes it would get hungry and tired and then it would have to seek one of its statue doubles somewhere and get food. My mistress wondered why she found so many statues of the same king all up and down the Nile, and that is the reason.

My mistress, being a woman, was of course immensely interested in the queens of Egypt, especially Queen Hatasu and Queen Nefartari. She is bringing home a picture of Hatasu's mother done in plaster which is such an exact reproduction of the pictures on the walls that everybody thought it had been chiseled out. It is against the law now to bring away any-

QUEEN NEFERTARI PLAYING CHESS THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO

thing original that may be found there, but this caste is exactly like the real thing. The headdress is made out of a vulture.

Hatasu was the most wonderful queen of Egypt, and so original. She was the first one to organize an exploring expedition, and the first woman in history to have a garden,—you can read all about it on the walls. In these days when women have so much freedom, and will soon have still more, imagine Hatasu—thousands of years ago—reaching out and accomplishing more than all the Egyptian kings. She built the most beautiful temple, had the first garden, explored the greatest amount of country, and reigned many years. Yet her successor brother scratched her face and name off from almost everything, and stuck his own on. It is only recently that anything has been revealed as to what a great woman she was.

The other queen in whom my mistress took a great interest was supposed to have been the Princess who found Moses in the bulrushes. Her name was Nefartari, and she was the wife of the great King Rameses.

The women must have had brains in those

days, for my mistress made a sketch of Nefartari playing chess. There are two queens and three bishops on the board, and in her uplifted hand is a pawn which she is about to play.

Something very funny happened on our visit to this tomb of Nefartari. My mistress was sitting on me on a high shelf a foot deep with dust. My master was reading a guide book, when a lady entered and said, "I see you are reading Baedeker—that will save me a lot of trouble. Come and explain to me all about those old heathen gods and goddesses." So he acted the part of guide and repeated to her all that he had just been reading. After she had left the tomb, her companion turned to him and said: "You are an American, are you not? Well, perhaps you will be interested to know that my friend is the daughter of one of America's most famous generals."

Then another woman came in who is a very well-known author. My mistress wondered if she were intending to make Nefartari the heroine of her next historical novel. Nefartari was great enough to be made into a heroine. In all the statues of Rameses, although she is

standing by his side, she is represented as only as high as his knee. I wonder if that has been typical of the male attitude throughout the ages!

The tomb of Nefartari is the most beautiful of all, on account of the wall painting. It is not visited by the regular Cook tourist, and the caretaker made a great mystery of my mistress being allowed to sketch there. It is located in the necropolis of Thebes. My mistress had to have it explained to her that necropolis was a word meaning the place where dead people live, just like metropolis is where live people live—you know, I told you she liked being with dead people!

The most famous necropolis of Egypt is across the river from Thebes, or Luxor, as it is now called. Such a long, hard donkey ride as it is, getting there, bumping over hard stones, climbing steep paths, being stung to death with heavy sand, or burned to death with hot sun. I couldn't even rest while my master and mistress and Ibrahim, their guide, ate lunch in the cool shadow of a tomb entrance, for she sat on me all the time. I never even got a drop

of hot coffee spilled on me from their thermos bottle.

In this necropolis all the old Pharaohs of the Bible were buried, and their tombs are really underground palaces, the walls being painted in the most beautiful colors, not the raw garish colors in which they are usually copied, but lovely soft Turkish-rug, time-mellowed tones. They represent boats and snakes and all kinds of things both commonplace and imaginative.

Sometimes at the entrance of one of these underground tombs one would start in with a snake's head, and follow its convolutions on the walls for what seemed like miles and miles deep down in the bowels of the earth, through dark galleries, down staircase after staircase, until at last one would reach its tail. Then, spread all over the ceiling, would be found a goddess with head hanging all the way down one side of the wall and her feet down the other.

The Egyptians understood better than Christians how to adjust wings to their angels. They fastened them to their arms instead of

their shoulder-blades, so perhaps their goddesses did actually fly.

You see, even if I was crushed in pretty hard beneath my mistress, I managed to keep that one ear uncovered and listen with all my might. That is the way I came to understand so much. The art of Egypt is so very abstract that unless my mistress had been something of an artist herself she would never have appreciated the excellent designs always to be found in a given space, or the beauty and delicacy of some of the bas-reliefs. She heard some authority say that it was absolutely impossible for the modern pen, pencil or brush to reproduce exactly these reliefs, some of them being cut to less than the depth of a coin. She tried to do it herself once. The subject interested her, as it was the only instance she had come across of the picture of an artist actually at work at his easel. If you will turn back to the first word of this story you can see him for yourself.

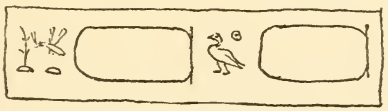
His head is pretty well battered up by the hard knocks of time, and it was difficult to get far enough off to see the design well, for it

was on the side of the door frame at the entrance to the tomb of Meraruka, an overseer. As usual, she wedged me into a tight little place and sat on me. Just think, this artist was working, brush in hand, over five thousand years ago. It looks as though he were painting the outside edge of his picture, but that is because he was not allowed to draw in perspective. The title of the picture upon the easel is "The Seasons," not *four* seasons, but three, as the ancient Egyptians knew but three, the season of Inundation, of Planting, and of Reaping, each containing four months. My mistress studied up the hieroglyphs afterwards and found that the first cartouche means Inundation, the one with the seed above it Planting, and the one with the little flowers Reaping. It was so interesting. She says seeing things in their natural surroundings, instead of in a museum is just as different as the difference between seeing a stuffed bird or a live one. I heard her read aloud a little story that has recently been deciphered from some old hieroglyphs. You know, the old Egyptians had no alphabet, but just made pictures like our

own Indians. I learned by heart the first two pages of this primitive story. It was called

THE STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

"There was once on a time brothers two, the children of one mother and of one father. Anpu was the name of the elder; was Bata the name of the younger. Now as regards Anpu, he possessed a house and had a wife; and was his brother younger living with him after the manner of a servant, for it was he who made the clothes, it was he who followed after his (Anpu's) cattle in the fields; he it was who did the plowing; he it was who labored, he it was who performed the duties all, which were connected with the fields; and behold! was the young man a farmer excellent; not existed the like of him in the land, the land, the whole of it. . . . Now thus it was during days many, upon those days that was his brother younger following after his cattle according to his wont of every day, and he returned to his home every evening, and he was laden with vegetables of all kinds of the fields."



This means vegetables.

One day, on our way home from the tombs of the kings in the Libyan Mountains, we dis-

mounted from our donkeys and I thought at last I was going to have a chance to expand myself with fresh air. You see, I had been squashed such a long time.

The brilliant golden light was striking slantingly against the steep golden cliffs, within which slumbered the dead, or at least as many as the excavators couldn't find. We were alone, miles from any habitation; not a vestige of anything green was to be seen; not even a weed. Everything was hard and glaring and sterile. Suddenly we were surprised by seeing a man, and to our astonishment he invited us to have tea with him. He was living all by himself in a little mud hut around the corner of the mountain. He was digging, of course, and was the assistant of an American, Mr. Theodore Davis, of whom the nation ought to be very proud, for he has made the most marvelous discoveries of anyone in Egypt.

We,—I say we, because so much had already been sifted into me that I began to take almost as active an interest in things as my master and mistress—had another adventure one day in those same Libyan Mountains. They

are called mountains, but they are really just the desert humped up. Out there on a heap of stones lay a man almost unconscious, and I do believe if it hadn't been for me and the thermos bottle, he would have died. His donkey, by a sudden jerk, had thrown him against a sharp rock, breaking a muscle in his back. My mistress tucked me under his head, some hot coffee from the thermos bottle was forced through his lips, our donkey boys sent to the tombs for a physician, where Lord C. was conducting some investigations, and a bed borrowed from a native mud hut. Some Arabs were found to carry the bed, and at last he was started off to the hotel some four miles distant.

I afterwards learned that I had nestled against the illustrious head of royalty!

Speaking of royalty, there were three old Egyptian Kings with whom I became quite familiar, Seti I, Rameses II, and Thutmosis III, a sort of one, two, three combination that makes me remember them. They built so many temples; I believe I visited them all and was crushed in them all. What my master and

mistress found to interest them so much I fail to see, but instead of being satisfied with one visit, they would return again and again.

What I liked best were the little excavating boys. There were so many of them, and they all wore blue aprons and skin tight caps, and carried little baskets of dirt on their heads. They would go along in a little procession, singing at the tops of their voices. The harder they worked, the louder they sang, and such a mournful little song, all about how they wished the dinner hour would come—it was so long since breakfast and their little tummies were so empty. I don't believe they would have sung at all if they had had my work to do —they wouldn't have had any breath; anyway I know I didn't feel like singing one bit.

The only rest I had was when we were on the Nile boat near the Second Cataract. Valentine's Day was approaching, and my mistress was busy fixing up some Egyptian valentines. The verses were selected from a pamphlet called "An Egyptian Peasant's Love Songs," translated by Mrs. Breasted, the wife of our American Egyptologist. The

decorations were from the pictures on the walls of the temples. One of the love songs I heard her read aloud. First it was in Arabic, then followed the translation:

"I mounted to the roof
And unburdened my love to Allah;
There I found three, who were reading in God's Word;
They said to me: 'Wilt thou take thy cousin on thy father's side?'
I said: 'No, by Allah.'
They said to me: 'Wilt thou take thy cousin on thy mother's side?'
"I said: 'No, by Allah's law.'
They said to me: 'Wilt thou take the stranger that is within thy gates?'
Then I said to myself: 'In Allah's name.' "

After Valentine's Day came the hardest day of my whole trip. I rode donkey back for four hours, when the thermometer was at least 110 degrees right through the desert of the Soudan.

We rode from Wady Halfa to the rock of Abusir, and from its dizzy height looked down at the rapids of the Second Cataract.

Peeping from under the donkey boy's arm,

I saw seven little black balls caught by the current. They swirled and swirled and finally struck a rock, then seven black bodies jumped up and off came a cloth from each head. In an instant it was tied round their loins, and they were fully dressed for company. With inflated pigskins in their arms, up they scrambled to the top of the rock and posed for my mistress, with the thought of "backsheesh," their word for tips, in their minds.

And now, dear mistress who made me, whether it was that hot ride in the desert or being crushed too much into the dust, I want to confess to you that I have fallen upon grievous days. I am ill; I have an eruption; my insides are coming through my skin; I no longer give pleasure. If anyone simply points his finger at me I fly at him and cover him with feathers. Won't you please cure me when I get home?

I have been ignominiously thrust into a bag; I am hidden away on the top shelf of our cabin instead of being allowed the privilege of supporting your dear head out on the deck.

I am not enjoying my homeward voyage on

COLUMNS IN THE TEMPLE OF PHILÆ

the Mediterranean one bit.

Listen to a pillow's secret
Thou and thou alone must read.
I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the downy life-tide fast;
And the dark Osirian shadows
Gather on the dust storms' blast;
Let thy needle, Lady, mend me,
Get thy thread, and all I need.

This sign means pillow in hieroglyphic writing, and on it is inscribed the 166th Chapter of the Book of the Dead.

THIRD IDYL

IN THE LAND OF JACOB'S WELL

AS TOLD BY A BOTTLE OF WATER

IN THE LAND OF JACOB'S WELL

PROBABLY when you see this title—"In the Land of Jacob's Well," a picture will immediately come to you of artistic pottery, gracefully poised on the heads of pretty Oriental maidens. If so, you are going to be disappointed. I am only a hot-water bottle, but I am well made of good rubber, and do not leak, so my mistress always takes me on her travels.

I am at this moment lying at her feet in the berth of a cabin on a Mediterranean steamer, on my homeward voyage from Syria, and am dictating to her by thought transference, some of my experiences in that distant land.

The trip through Palestine is a hard one, and very serious and she is thinking of what a sad country it is; how the spirit of tragedy hovers over it, the tragedy of the present—Turkish misrule—and the terrible tragedy of the past; but, personally I am thinking of my poor wrinkled skin. Will it ever get into shape

again? All the waters from Dan to Beersheba have helped to distend it, and I am almost worn out.

I did not mind being used on the outgoing voyage of the *Carmania,* as the water with which I was filled was good, pure, commonplace Croton water with no story to tell, and no lament to make. In Cairo I had a week's rest, the weather being warm.

My troubles began on the voyage from Alexandria to Joppa. Some drops inside me said that once they took this same trip around Joppa, inside a whale by the side of a man named Jonah, and that they preferred that mode of travel to the present one. I quite agreed with them. I am not accustomed to dirty little Oriental boats, nor to being put to bed in an engineer's cabin, all smelt up with rancid oil and stale cigarettes. However, I was in pretty good company, as an English lady of title occupied the room of Macchinista No. I, my mistress Macchinista No. II, and my master Macchinista No. III, surrounded by machinery and Mohammedans, veiled women lying around on old sacks asleep, their

fat Turkish husbands also asleep with one eye open and smelling like fury.

But I had no idea of what was awaiting me in the morning on landing. Being packed in a traveling case, I could neither see nor hear much, but luckily the case was wicker. I could peep between the basket-work, and get some slight notion of what was going on. In that way I saw tears rolling down the frightened face of a nice looking German lady, as she looked over the side of the ship. I could not imagine what on earth was the matter with her, till someone lifted me and I, too, looked over the side of the ship. The waves were terrible, the small boat on which we were to embark rose and fell till one moment it was at the foot of our ladder and the next at the head. Suddenly I felt myself in midair. I almost went into the water, trunks very often do, but luckily was caught on the fly by the boatman. My master and mistress were also caught on the fly. A short but perilous trip soon brought us to shore at Joppa and I was carried to my room. There I learned very little, except that the room was named Judah. A text was over

each of the two doors, one in German, the other English:

> "Harken, Jehovah, to Judah's voice,
> And to his people bring him in."

I learned afterwards that all the rooms on this corridor are named for the twelve tribes of Israel. You see, my mistress forgot to bring her Bible with her and it was not until she bought one in Jerusalem that I really knew what country I was traveling in.

The next morning I was dreadfully frightened because a huge giant picked me up and walked off with me. This giant was six and a half feet tall. At first I thought it was Goliath, but then I remembered once seeing a picture of Goliath with his head cut off, so I knew it couldn't be he. He was dressed in a beautiful Alice blue (you see, my mistress is an American) woolen shirt, embroidered by hand and a very full skirt of navy blue, also embroidered by hand. This skirt was gathered at the waist line and sewed up at the hem between the feet, so that it fitted tightly around the ankles and hung like

a bag between. Big pockets were concealed within the ample folds. I knew this for a fact, because once I was tucked in one of them, and often I saw my mistress' sketch kit down in their depths. A silk kerchief wedged on to his head with two heavy black rings completed his toilet and, except for his remarkable stature, I could not tell whether the wearer was man or woman. At first, when I heard people calling him Sallie, I made sure he was a woman and thought perhaps from her commanding air and sewed-up skirt, she might be one of those Suffragettes you hear so much of.

I soon learned, however, from the way he bossed my little master and mistress (I call them little, because they looked like mere children beside this huge creature) that he was to be their guardian, dragoman, they call it there, all during their stay in Palestine.

A five-hour journey on the railroad over the Plains of Sharon and the mountains of Judea, brought us up to Jerusalem, and then my troubles really began, for it was cold up there and my mistress needed me all the time. The wa-

ter with which she filled me was so uneasy, and wanted to talk to me so much about its old life, that I never had a moment's peace. I sighed for the quiet water of America that basks in the sunlight in great sheets all day long.

All the water of Jerusalem is rain water, one moment whisked up into the clouds, the next dropped into the city, a sort of heaven and hell existence that must be very wearisome. When up above it looks down on a vast collection of gray roofs, each with its dome of cement or dried mud with flat space around for catching the rain and storing it. With few exceptions, these domes are imperfect and as clumsily made as a child's mud house; in fact, the whole effect of architecture in Syria is that of having been made by childish fingers out of a lump of clay, of never having existed in the mind of the builder previous to its execution; consequently the walls are seldom plumb, the rooms are often acute or obtuse-angled, the ceilings are tilted, and the façade scarcely ever parallels the street. Look at a Turkish rug, you know it is hand-made,

because it is lop-sided; so it is with everything Turkish, even their clocks! If I want to know the time in the night, I listen to the chimes in the tower outside my window. I count the strokes, either add or subtract six, then add ten minutes. For instance, it strikes seven times, and I know it is ten minutes past one, or it strikes four times and I know it is ten minutes past ten.

There is another sound that comes from the towers of the city that is wonderfully beautiful and haunting, the call of the Mohammedans to prayer. It rings out upon the air with the clearness of some deep-toned bell. These towers or minarets help to relieve the general tone of ugliness.

But to return to my drop of water in the cloud as it looks down upon the city. The streets—but there are no streets, only narrow alleys, through which no horse nor motor-driven vehicle has ever passed—are crooked and steep, upstairs and downstairs, and dark and nasty, and only washed when my little drop of water comes down with its comrades out of the clouds and rushes through their filth;

or else becomes imprisoned in a pigskin hanging around a man's neck and is ejected from its mouth in a slight sprinkle. But when the sirocco blows up the street with its hot breath, all the little drops rush back to their cloud and stay there and the city is filled with dust.

There is but one exception, aside from the minarets, to the general lack of plan or beauty —the Mosque of Omar—built on the site of Solomon's temple, the only spot in the whole vast city of Jerusalem in which one has a sense of well-being. There, one has a feeling of nicely adjusted space, of harmony, of balance and quiet, that is totally lacking elsewhere, and the rain loves to fall upon it and wash its beautiful gray dome, its blue tiles, and the immense tesselated *clean* pavement, on which it stands. Not a speck of dust, not a grain of sand, not a streak of mud is ever permitted on its smooth surface. It is up so high—the top of a lofty hill was leveled to make room for the original temple—that no dust can reach it, and no one is allowed to step upon it with uncovered shoe.

One or two clumps of tall, black-green cypresses give the dark notes that make the

THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

whole a picture, or so my mistress says. She sketched there one day, guarded carefully by Saleh, and my master, and an armed Kavass. Like Cinderella, she had to be out of it before the clock struck twelve, or dire things might have happened. The mosque is in the hands of the Moslem, and at twelve he prays.

I can never rest for thinking of how this same rain has been falling alike upon the just and the unjust for, lo! these thousands of years. Some of the drops that lie within me tell me that they themselves fell upon the head of Solomon, as he stood on this very spot, superintending the building of his temple. Others remember a thousand years farther back and say they fell here upon Abraham, as he was about to offer up Isaac, and almost put the fire out.

For two days in Jerusalem, my mistress stayed in bed with a grippy cold and I hugged up close to her. She could look out of her window at David's Tower and the Joppa Gate. I heard someone tell her that not a person had been driven through that narrow gate since the old days of the Roman chariots until the Ger-

man Emperor's visit a few years ago, when it was torn down so that he might pass through in a carriage.

Lady L. came in to say good-by and brought her a bell from Jericho. She is a good woman as well as a pretty lady and she is going back to her estate in England, feeling a weight of responsibility for having been given this opportunity of visiting the Holy Land. I fear my mistress is not as good as she, for she says all the Holy Spots seem to be so unreliable and so covered up with ugly churches and paper flowers and dirty tinsel, that she can't make herself *feel,* and it is only out-of-doors that the Old Story comes back to her.

Even in Bethlehem—Saleh always called it Bedlime—the memory of the Jew shopkeeper, where she bought the Bethlehem robe, seemed to shut out everything else—he was ugly and dirty and kept calling her "Mother." When you think it was Queen Helena, the mother of Constantine, who made the first attempt at locating these Spots, and that as much time had already elapsed as has with us since the discovery of America, no wonder the site of the

Holy Sepulcher is so much in dispute. Queen Helena thought the world was flat and that the sepulcher was upon the exact center. But the ride through the country to Bethlehem was appealing, even though the carriage did jolt over the unspeakably bad road. It was the land of Ruth and Naomi and Rachel, of the three wise men and their guiding star. Myriads of tiny wild flowers lifted their little heads trying to brighten this tragic land. Now and then David would go by—his home was in Bethlehem —leading his goats and playing on his harp: only now his harp was a cane whistle.

Gray-bearded old Tolstois came trudging merrily along the road with their wives and friends, hundreds of them, swathed in thick garments, staff in hand. They had walked all the way from Russia, joined en route by other pilgrims from Hungary, Germany, Roumania, Greece, planning to spend Easter in Jerusalem. I should think their lips would have been worn out, or else full of microbes, for they kissed every dirty spot that was pointed out to them. But their hearty sincerity was a delight to behold.

The next day we drove down to Jericho and spent the night, and there it was nice and warm, being so deep down in the bowels of the earth, the deepest down place in the whole world. If the sea had broken through its mountain boundary, my mistress would have been drowned beneath thirteen hundred feet of water. Notwithstanding it was so pleasantly warm, my mistress filled me just the same. Ah! then it was I heard tales, for the water within me was taken from the River Jordan, just before it empties into the Dead Sea. Such a dramatic little river as the Jordan is from start to finish. Some of the drops not long since were snow on Mount Hermon, where the birth of the Jordan takes place. They had pitched themselves down from its dizzy height of nine thousand feet, rippled merrily through the bright little Sea of Galilee, twisted in and out of high, weird clay cliffs, becoming more and more tawny as they licked their clay banks, and had at last tumbled ignominiously into the salty depths of the Dead Sea, a prison from which there is no escape, except by evaporation. The river is only sixty

miles from its birth to its death, as the crow flies, but it has prolonged its existence to three times that by meandering.

Some drops were there when the river was parted to let the Children of Israel walk over dry shod; they said it was awful holding their breath so long.

I should think the Children would have been disappointed after waiting so many years, if the Promised Land appeared then as it does now, a gray, barren landscape looking as if some imp had thrown rocks at it and broken it to bits, leaving his dirty tools lying around everywhere, no trees, no grass—just mountainous desolation. No wonder they longed for the fleshpots of Egypt. The land does not flow with milk and honey, only big Jericho oranges measuring sixteen inches round (mostly rind). But then, of course, all the people who started from Egypt and remembered its beauty were dead. These were their children and grandchildren, who only knew the gray desert, so I suppose anything looked pretty good to them after that.

One drop of water within me came from

the Dead Sea. It said it was lots of fun in the Dead Sea, for every day so many of them rose up into the clouds, six and a half million tons—there was no other place for them to go, for the sea has no outlet and rises but little, and the river keeps tumbling in. No birds and no fish can live there, it is so salty.

My people were disappointed in the Dead Sea; it didn't look dead at all and not a bit mysterious, but just a simple, quiet little lake, reflecting blue, barren hills, with "Nebo's lonely mountain" peeping its head up in the distance. Poor old Moses! he didn't miss much, but still it was too bad.

My mistress made a sketch of what is called the Mount of Temptation. I suppose things looked more tempting around the base of it then than they do now, or Satan wouldn't have selected that particular spot.

The Governor of Jerusalem and the Sheik of Bethlehem sat at table that evening along with a Greek monk and several other queer people. The Governor was a fine-looking specimen with the typically Turkish face, long and narrow, and dark eyes set close together. The

Sheik was so muffled up it was hard to tell much about him, except that he looked fat and dirty.

We drove back to Jerusalem the next morning and made arrangements to leave the following day for a week's driving trip north, for which I was devoutly thankful, as some drops kept clamoring to tell me of the terrible tragedies that had occurred in this dreadful city so many years ago; how the very men who crucified Jesus were themselves crucified during the siege by the Romans, till there was no more wood left with which to build crosses. The drops say they, themselves, were directly responsible for the final destruction of Jerusalem, for if they could have continued falling into the Pool of Siloam, as had been their wont since the world began, thirst would not have caused the inhabitants to succumb. Something kept them back, so the Pool dried up for the first time in history.

I would not listen to anything more, for I was beginning to get very limp and sad, and I was glad when my mistress poured all those dismal drops out of me and packed me in the

wicker suitcase to leave Jerusalem forever.

As it looked like rain, a carriage with stationary top was provided, with the inevitable three horses, two horses keeping in the middle of the road, the third getting a footing in any old place, sometimes down in the ditch, sometimes up on the hillside.

The drive down from Jerusalem was intensely dramatic, dropping, dropping all the forenoon. Zigzagging along the edge of macadam-like hills, we could see our road many times repeated in terraces down below us. We stopped for lunch at a well, beside which a fair Rebecca was washing clothes in a scarlet plush dress. My mistress tried to sketch her, but she would not pose, for fear her husband would find it out and beat her.

After lunch we rode to a fertile valley, our first glimpse of anything fertile since coming to Palestine. Wonderful crops of grain extended as far as the eye could reach. "Some seed fell on stony ground, some on good ground, where tares came up and choked them." For fear of this last catastrophe, the tares were being pulled out by young girls,

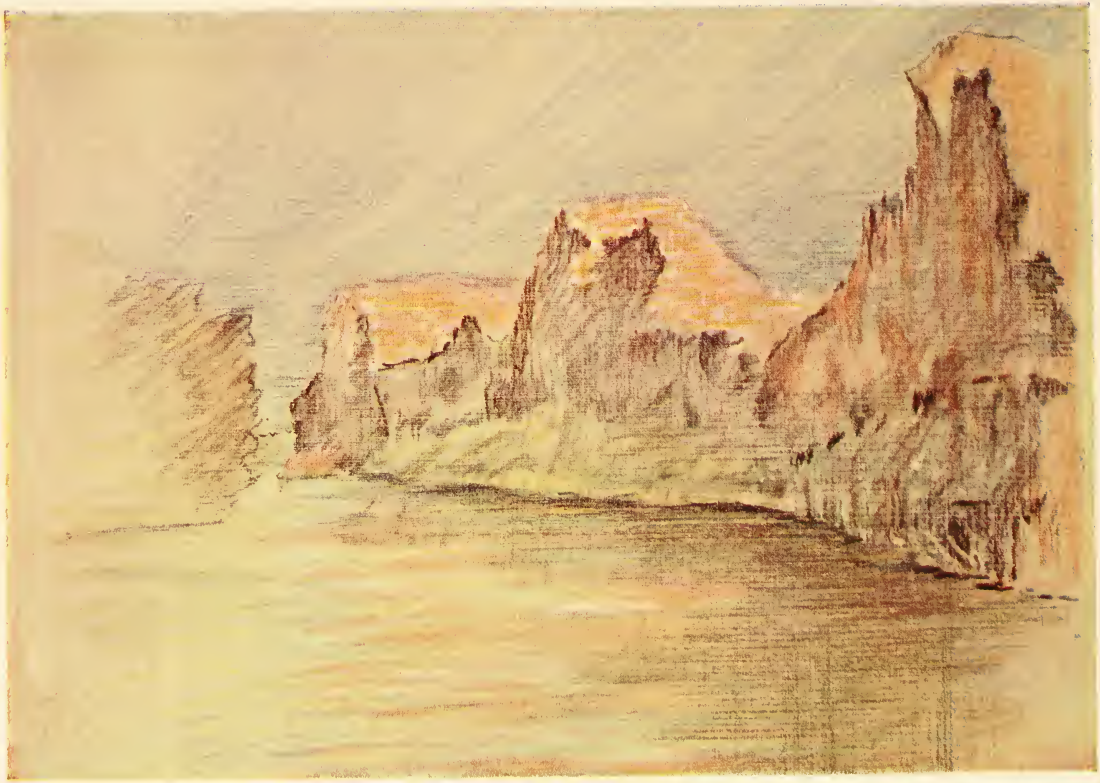
half concealed in the growing grain; it was a pretty sight. In the division of the land among the twelve tribes, I do not think they fared at all equally. Judah got barren hills, Benjamin stony ground, but Ephraim seems to have been the lucky one, all this fertile land falling to him.

As evening approached, we reached the town of Shechem. Shechem was old when David was a boy. It was then a town of refuge, criminals fleeing from pursuit could claim protection while awaiting trial. It is now a fanatical Mohammedan village, containing the Samaritan sect, and somewhat unsafe for Christians, so my people decided to camp out in a dirty damp place beneath the city walls, through which an irrigating ditch ran. Tents, lined with Oriental patchwork, had already been pitched, supper was ready in the dining tent, and my people settled themselves for a good night's rest, but, alas! the dogs! All the homeless dogs—and all the dogs of the Turkish Empire are homeless—found their way to our camp, and made night hideous. These dogs have jackal blood in them and inherit

the night-prowling, day-sleeping habits of their ancestors, as well as their coarse yellow hair.

The next day it rained, a cold miserable rain, and my master and mistress stayed in their tent all day long with their feet tucked in bed against my warm back, reading the Bible! Saleh made them buy a Bible in Jerusalem, and every night he gave them a lesson to read. The next morning he would scold them good and hard if they had not done so.

He himself knew the whole Book by heart and just where everything was to be found from the first verse of Genesis to the last verse of Revelations. So there they sat in the tent in the rain, taking turns reading aloud in the Old Testament about the father who swore to sacrifice the first thing that met him on his arrival at Shechem as a thank offering for his success in war, and his beautiful daughter had to pay the penalty; about the two mountains, the Mount of Blessing and the Mount of Cursing. Our tent was just between the two. Saleh knew every time the word Shechem occurred in the Bible, New Testament as well as Old, and he made them read each one. That



THE RIVER JORDAN

night he encompassed us about many times for fear the high wind would blow the tent down.

The next day Saleh and my master and mistress started off in their carriage in the rain, alas! alas! leaving me behind, forgotten and forlorn. I tried to scream, but, tucked away there in the blankets, I could make no sound. I wriggled and wriggled and at last fell out and rolled under the bed, but they were gone. Hardly half an hour had elapsed before the driver of their carriage came running back, inquiring for me, bedclothes were thrown aside, but no one thought of looking under the bed and I was once more deserted. I was so unhappy the water within me turned cold and oozed through.

After I had cried myself to sleep I woke the next morning to find two ladies in my tent. They did not like the place one bit, it was so damp and cold and sewery. I soon found they had brought some of my kinfolk with them, two nice American hot-water bottles. The three of us got into quite a heated discussion about the relative merits of the different waters of Palestine. The ladies' dragoman

proved to be a couisn of Saleh's. His name was Tewfik.

Someone told Tewfik where I belonged, so he tucked me in his pocket, and brought me to Saleh at Haifa.

On the way a drop of water that had lingered behind when the rest was poured out, told me we were actually passing Jacob's Well. It knew because it had been in the well at the time Jacob drew water and had seen him courting Sarah.

The drop had no desire to return, however, for an ugly Greek Church is being built on top of the well and, as incense is always swinging over it, the little drops that used to cool the parched lips of the wayfarer are almost stifled down there in the dark.

We spent one night at Zamarin, the only clean village in Syria, and that is clean only because it is owned by Europeans. Roumanian Jews bought the whole place and its surroundings from the Bedouins, and built the village, a truly Promised Land, which would have given the children of Israel reason for rejoicing, could they have seen it—a lovely fer-

tile country, green hills, and trees, actually trees, with a glimpse of the Mediterranean in the distance.

Tewfik told his ladies that the only way the people had been able to build their village was thus: the Turkish Government refused to give them permits to build houses, as they were not Mohammedans; at the same time they could not tear a house down once it was roofed in, so complete roofs were imported from Europe and laid on the ground; then they built houses under them! You see, Tewfik talked to his people more in the line of politics and not so much about the Bible as Saleh.

I stayed in Tewfik's pocket, and the next morning drove on with them through an uninteresting, undramatic flat country. Soon our road entirely disappeared and we drove at will over the meadows and across lots, all well-cultivated farm lands.

At last we reached Haifa, and I was once more restored to my mistress, to her great joy. Do you know, she had actually tried to replace me? But the only hot-water bottle she could find in Haifa was a yard long and held a ton!

Haifa is beautiful, right on the Mediterranean, under the shadow of Mount Carmel. Coming here by carriage road from Zamarin, one loses all that is associated with the old Hebrew History; that is gained only by keeping to the bridle paths over the mountains. Some friends of my mistress, an English clergyman and his young wife, were traveling that way and we were constantly coming up with them. They told us all about it, how they drank coffee in the same kind of a house as that in which the Virgin Mary had lived, pigs, children and people, all in one room, but quite clean, half the floor being elevated about three feet, human beings sleeping on the higher portion, animals on the lower. This hut belonged to a family of Druses, and, in spite of their dreadful reputation, they found them amiable and hospitable. The Druses are a sect of warlike mountaineers, who are causing much trouble with the authorities just at present. Every week some of them are being hung in Damascus. My mistress' husband bought a postcard on which were pictures of the bodies of some who had been hung just the week before we arrived there.

From Haifa to Nazareth the drive is again associated with old Bible scenes. I learned a good deal about it, as the water with which I was filled came from Mary's Well. It was brought to me in a jar balanced on a maiden's head, just as Mary herself used to carry it. My mistress sketched at the well at sunset and dreamed of the old, old scenes. That night the drops talked to themselves about the past, for some of them had been in the well when Mary herself drew water.

After Nazareth we began dropping again into the bowels of the earth. Here, as before, the farmer was tilling the ground, but such soil! A sower went forth to sow, some seed fell on stony ground, but how could it do otherwise? It was all stony, great orange-colored stones as big as your head, that the wooden plow could hardly push to one side. The farmer with his long flowing skirts, head tied up as though he had the mumps, found great difficulty in steering it. Shepherds tended their flocks of goats in stiff, thick kimona-shaped garments hand-woven of goats' hair. A heavy double black ring encircled the head,

pressing close the kerchief beneath it. My mistress afterwards bought a similar outfit at Damascus. They saw David again while they were lunching in an olive grove en route to the Sea of Galilee. This time he had his sling with him and wanted backsheesh for throwing a stone, but when my mistress' husband offered to buy the sling itself no amount of money would induce him to part with it.

At the first glimpse of the Sea of Galilee my mistress stopped the carriage and sat there in the intense heat by the side of the road to sketch. Snow-capped Mount Hermon, the birthplace of the Jordan, poked its head up in the distance, the sea, a beautiful little hill-encircled lake, lay far below us, on its left shore, the field, now being plowed for the coming grain, where the miracle of the loaves and fishes took place. Heavily laden camels wound down the road, shepherds with their string of black goats dotted the hillside, and everything spoke of peace and good will to man.

That night when I was filled with water from the Sea of Galilee, good, sweet, pure,

clean water, I was better pleased than I had been heretofore with any of the waters of Palestine. They had a pretty tale to tell. They said that every morning at dawn, a lady came down to the shore and painted. She had been doing so for three years and was as one inspired, so they arrayed themselves in the hues of the sunrise for her benefit, pale, quiet, opalescent colors, fit background for the risen Christ and his disciples. My mistress saw her work afterwards and found it good. The finished picture is to be painted on the walls of a prison in Connecticut. The prisoners themselves have contributed towards it and are looking forward eagerly to its completion. In the meantime the painter is living in a native hut in the old town of Tiberias, seven hundred feet below the level of the sea, through the intense heat of three winters and the scorching, insect-infested heat of three summers. She has made studies of all the diferent types of Jews, and they are many. She has no companions, only her thoughts and her art. When she saw my mistress sketching she spoke to her and invited her to her mudhouse

studio. It was a weird little procession that wound its way that evening down the narrow streets of Tiberias, Saleh carrying the lantern, and turned in and up a flight of crooked mud stairs to the queer little chamber built with its two levels, as I described the hut in which the Virgin Mary had lived. Hundreds of life-sized studies of a high order of composition and execution stood tilted against the mud walls, but they all fell into insignificance before the heaven-inspired picture that is growing out of them. I heard my mistress congratulate Miss Cowles with her whole heart and soul.

That morning my people had planned a trip to the ruins of Capernaum, but the calm little lake had turned into a raging sea and it was impossible to embark. However, by noon it had gotten over its fit of temper and was once more smiling. The boat was large and it took four men to row it. Coming home a breeze sprang up, sails were hoisted and they just flew back. My mistress was quite badly frightened, the wind blew so hard and she remembered the dreadful tales she had heard

that morning of what the little sea could do. She said she didn't blame Peter for being frightened that day when he was out fishing.

We fared better than the little steamer, however, for besides the passengers getting wet, the dragomans had a quarrel on board, which came pretty near upsetting the boat. A certain Sir Somebody and his family, who happened to be on board the steamer, had an incompetent obnoxious little Armenian for his dragoman, who told him in their presence that all Syrians were cut-throats and thieves and robbers. Saleh, Tewfik, and the others were Syrians, and naturally resented it, so after that, Sir Somebody in spite of the fact that he is Premier of a big country and was on his way to the Coronation by special invitation, fared pretty badly—Armenians are extremely unpopular in Syria.

At the table that evening sat the Governor of Tiberias—he had been in prison for three years, but with the change of administration had been released by the Young Turks.

The sea was calm enough the next morning when we sailed across it to take the train for

Damascus. I was lucky, for the very day after that the water was so rough it ran into all the traveling bags and made the contents look like Joseph's coat of many colors.

I have traveled on many trains with my mistress, but never on anything like this *Hajâj* one (the word rhymes with judges). Haj means pilgrim, and this road was built by the Turkish Government for the express purpose of carrying pilgrims to Mecca. The engine could not budge the train, unless it backed down and started all over again, and it was not until it had slipped off three coaches that it made any headway at all, and then it went so near the edge of crumbling precipices and over such narrow bridges climbing the steep mountains, it would have made my hair stand on end if I had had any; as it was my skin all shriveled up and I did not blame the big English Colonel for being so nervous and frightened.

At last we arrived at Damascus and driving like mad for half an hour over rough stony streets full of holes, like all Turkish streets, reached our hotel in the oldest inhabited city

in the world.

I had all my life heard of Damascus. Saleh was always saying—"wait till you get to Damascus before you buy"—the very word was full of imagery and romance. It conjured up visions of Arabian nights, hanging gardens, purple and fine linen, Cedars of Lebanon, royal silks, rich carpets, seductive perfumes, steel blades, but—the reality! If Jerusalem was childishly planned, what of Damascus? Not *one* redeeming feature, too sordid to be picturesque, too ugly to be paintable. Of course, there were gardens, or rather fruit orchards, outside the city, but they were hidden behind ten-foot-high mud walls. As for buying, there was nothing to tempt one, unless perhaps it was some of the jeweled daggers, part of the loot taken from the seraglio of the deposed Sultan, Abdul Hamid, in Constantinople.

The only interesting thing my mistress saw was the interior of a private house; imagine driving through a noisome alley in the tenement district of New York, opening a filthy door, and finding yourself in a marble court of

flowers and fountains, the mistress in a soiled Mother Hubbard, with hair hanging down her back in two untidy braids—alas! for dreams and romance! As in the poorer houses, the floor of the room was on two levels, the upper level carpeted, with a divan running around three sides, and no other furnishing except a cheap colored print tacked very high up on the wall. The bathroom had no plumbing, no tub, no modern conveniences—simply a faucet and a hole in the floor.

My mistress made a sketch of the distant snow-clad mountains from the balcony of her room. I managed to peep out from my basket at the view. I saw two tall minarets marking the spot where a kind lady serves dinner to the poor every day. I saw a brown river, its swift current confined between mathematical banks running parallel with the street, and I wondered what story that water would have to tell. I soon found out, and such merry little drops they were! They had been snow not long since and had come tumbling down from the nearby Lebanons, rushing as fast as they could to the warm country for fear they

would be turned into snow again on the way. They had not much to tell—long, long ago they had seen men at work cutting cedar trees for Solomon's temple—they knew a little about the visit of the Romans, but that was all.

My people stayed in Damascus two days instead of three and wished it had been one day instead of two, especially when they arrived at Baalbec after a five-hour railroad journey.

This railroad was built by the French. On its way to the seacoast town of Beyrout, from which port my people were planning to sail for home, it crosses two ranges of mountains, the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons. All winter heavy snow had prevented trains from running. As it was, my mistress reached her hand out of the window and made snowballs. While waiting at a station near Baalbec, she made a sketch of the Anti-Lebanons to the great delight of the little Syrian children who kept muttering "Gebel, Gebel," meaning "mountain, mountain."

Between these two big ranges lies the temple of Baalbec, the old Heliopolis of the Romans. Even then we were nearly four thousand feet

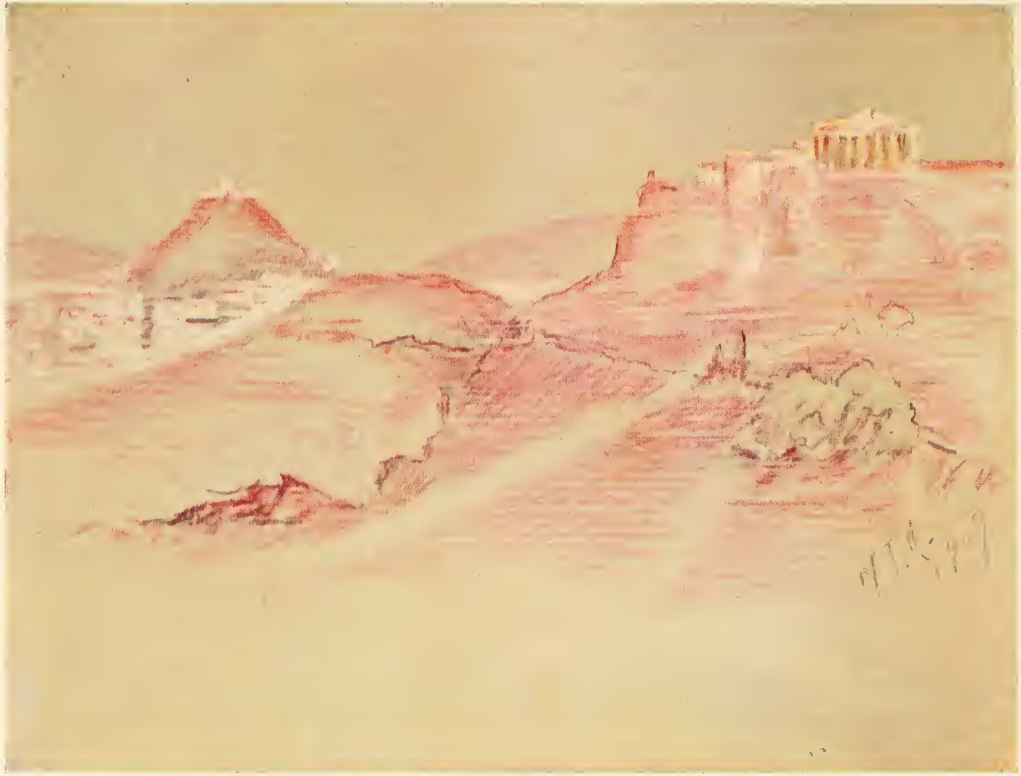
above the sea. You can see I was being whisked about a good deal, one day down in the hot bowels of the earth, the next on the cold heights of the sky, no wonder my mistress needed me.

Baalbec was the climax of our whole trip. Saleh did not like it because the temple was built by heathens and he could not quote Scripture, but to my people it was the place of which dreams are made.

From our window that day we saw a vision of beauty, such beauty as is seldom vouchsafed to man to behold—snow-clad mountains silhouetted against a delicate sky; carved columns of an old ruin, the finest old Roman ruin in the world, silhouetted against the mountains; thousands of fruit trees in full bloom—two tall black green cypresses.

What more could the traveler desire for his last memory picture of Syria? And beyond those snow-clad mountains still stand the Cedars—the same Cedars of Lebanon that were old when Christ was a baby.

"Nor was any tree in the Garden of God like unto it in beauty. All the birds of heaven



VIEW FROM ATHENS AT SUNSET

made their nests in its boughs, and under its branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young. The rivers thereof ran round about it. The waters nourished it"—the waters whose drops have murmured this tale to me.

FOURTH IDYL

IN THE SILENCES OF NORTH AFRICA

AS TOLD BY ANOTHER BELL

IN THE SILENCES OF NORTH AFRICA

HEN my foster sister, the Spanish bell, returned to America and told me of the wonderful trip she had had in Spain, standing on the radiator of the automobile, how she had talked with so many bells and heard of so many interesting things, I was filled with envy.

Both of us have been cast in molds shaped like women, only she is much prettier and more aristocratic-looking than I, with her court train, her pompadour hair, mantilla and fan. I am inclined to be short and dumpy.

Poor, proud little lady! She met with an untoward fate soon after her return to her own home. After surviving all those thousands of miles of travel in the Mediterranean Peninsula, she fell from her perch one rainy day and was never heard of more. Where is she, I

wonder? Is she in some agreeable home, or is she ground down deep in the mud? *"Requiescat in pace,"* poor little lady bell.

It is an ill-wind that blows no one any good, so although I felt very sorry for the untimely disappearance of my dear sister, I was glad when Frederico the chauffeur screwed me onto the radiator in her place, and whispered in my ear that I was to go with him on the Mediterranean voyage to North Africa.

I remembered how much my sister had suffered from cold and wind with only a mantilla and fan to shut out the icy blasts, so I was glad that in casting me, my creators had provided me with a good warm shawl and hood. I certainly needed them both for although the hymn-books tell us that "Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand," I failed to find either the gold or the sun. I often envied my mistress her fur coat which she constantly wore even inside the closed-up landaulet. But poor me! I had to stand out in the rain and snow and sleet all the time, I tried not to think of my comfortable steam-heated home in America.

STREET IN TUNIS

You may perhaps be surprised at my mention of snow in Africa, but once we climbed a mountain and went through a cedar forest every limb of which was heavily laden with a foot of snow. The top of the automobile had been pushed back and when we accidentally brushed against a branch, an avalanche filled the car.

The scene is one of those perfect pictures of which I will always carry the remembrance—the sunset background, the green plain stretching many feet below us with its ribbons of rivers twisting towards the sun, the snow-clad forest gray against the yellow light, the silence of complete isolation, the haunting fear that perhaps we had taken the wrong turn and would have to retrace our steps and slide down those horrible, slippery, skiddy curves which we had just come up—all combined to make an unforgettable picture.

My mistress still wears the tiny golden bell which tinkles to me as it did to my sister, keeping me posted as to what happens when I am not along. I don't know what I should have done without that little voice, for I was far

more lonesome in Africa than she ever was in Spain.

You see she found so many friends everywhere, bells and belfries being the chief features of the landscape. It was a great disappointment to me to travel so far in utter silence and never hear the faintest jingle. Even where there were minarets there were no bells; there was not even the haunting sound of the call to prayer. Since the French occupation, except in Kairouan, this has been forbidden and only a flag flying from the tower tells the devout Mohammedan when to pray. Perhaps this accounts for the total lack of the prayerful atmosphere and feeling of reverence that my mistress has found in all other countries which follow the precepts of the Prophet.

One day we stopped for lunch in the most beautiful gorge you could possibly imagine. This is another high point memory picture. My people were busy eating, but I just feasted my eyes on pure loveliness. A mountain had been cleft in two by the pressure of a roaring cataract. Luxuriant vegetation clothed its sides. Now and then a gray mon-

key could be seen springing from limb to limb.

One of the finest roads it has ever been my fortune to travel upon has been built out of a lip of the precipice. Suddenly I heard a welcome sound, the jangle of bells! Although they were only mule bells, my little brass heart leaped for joy and I tried to convey the message to my mistress. Whereupon she bought the whole outfit—there were twenty of them riveted on a cornucopia of leather—from the unwilling and astonished driver.

Frederico strapped them to the side of the car and after that I did not feel a bit lonesome. In fact I began to take a keen interest in everything so that I would have just as much to tell when I should arrive home as my sister had. Contrary to the plan pursued by her in relating her adventures, I am going to begin backward.

My mistress once heard a German waiter speak of the *endest* of a row of tables so I am going to begin with the endest city we visited —Kairouan in Tunisia. It is a holy city in the Mohammedan sense. My people made most strenuous efforts to arrive there early on

a Friday morning, as Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath.

But before I go any further you must be introduced to the guide whom my mistress' husband thought it necessary to engage. As soon as I saw him, and I am only a bell, I recognized him for a fool, but I did not realize what an absolute fool he was till afterwards. His name is, but never mind, it sounds like Suet Pudding Man, and so we nicknamed him and later abbreviating that to S. P. M. If ever there was a chance for a wrong turn, he always took it.

Thus we found ourselves after a good many miles of motoring not at Kairouan but at El Djem in almost the opposite direction to that which we had intended.

El Djem is interesting in that it contains the magnificent ruins of a Colosseum almost as big as the one in Rome; but if we were to see the holy city that day no time was to be lost at El Djem. So, reluctantly turning our backs upon it we at last arrived at Kairouan but, alas! too late for the Sabbath Day celebration.

The S. P. M. tried to make up for it by giv-

IN CHETMA. THE VENICE OF THE DESERT

ing my mistress a donkey ride to the various mosques and arranging for her to see a snake charmer.

To do the latter, she had to climb up a pitch-dark stairway leading into a room full of Arabs. Frescoes of curious beasts were painted upon the walls. Coffee of course was served. Then she went out upon the roof-top and there in the brilliant sunshine witnessed a holy performance by a snake charmer. Three snakes reared up their heads, flattening them out in some peculiar manner till they looked like fishes standing on long tails.

They watched their master eat up part of another snake, chewing off big chunks as if he thoroughly enjoyed it. A fourth snake bit him on the nose till it bled. Then he threaded poniards through his cheek and neck, and danced, shaking his long, scanty, wet hair to the music of drums and tomtoms and bagpipes. Frederico said it was worse than seeing a bull fight.

Of course it was impossible for me to attend this holy performance, because I was fastened to the automobile outside which was being

closely watched by an Arab boy. The little bell told me all about it when we were once more en route towards the hotel at Sousse. Many camels passed us that day, some hitched up to carts, so tall that the shafts were lifted right up in the air, some carrying immense loads of pottery glancing golden in the sunshine, some with whole families on their backs. The haughty creatures never vouchsafed me a look but just stuck out their lower lips in a prideful sort of way as if they had been used to automobiles all their lives.

Speaking of camels reminds me of one of the queerest experiences a motor party ever had.

North Africa is a country of magnificent distances. Often fifty miles would be covered without passing through a single possible village. This experience occurred during one of these long stretches. Suddenly, and without warning, the automobile stopped. Investigation showed that we had run entirely out of gasoline. It was about four in the afternoon. A herd of camels was just passing, led by a much berobed, barelegged Arab.

The S. P. M. stopped him and made known our predicament, asking if it was possible to hitch some camels to the automobile and pull it to the nearest town, some twenty miles distant. All the Arabs we encountered could speak a little French. He replied that they could *carry* but not hitch! He was about to command four camels to kneel down so that the huge limousine might be lifted to their backs and I had visions of myself swaying in the air as I had seen the palanquins of the women sway on camelback!

A little way up the road lived a French road-mender, but he had no gasoline. Frederico tried emptying the kerosene lamps into the car but in vain—the automobile could not run on kerosene, so the only thing to do was to send the S. P. M. and the Arab on camels to ride the twenty miles to El Kef and patiently await their return which of course meant an all night job and perhaps several nights. The place in which we were stranded was so remote there was not the slightest chance of encountering an automobile, a team of horses, or a yoke of oxen. Only camels and Arabs seemed to use

this road. I was scared to death for fear of some wandering nomads coming along and robbing my people. Near Biskra they had been told to avoid lonesome places after nightfall and I didn't know but there might be danger here too. I was better off than my mistress, however, for a bell doesn't have to eat. I couldn't help wondering what she was going to do about her supper. Finally Frederico braved the wrath of the wild Kabyle dog at the road-mender's hut and asked the wife if she would cook them some supper which she very kindly consented to do. My mistress took care of her two-weeks-old-baby while she prepared the meal. Just as they were sitting down to the table and speculating as to how far the S. P. M. had gone, who should walk in but the very man himself carrying two leaky cans of absolutely useless kerosene. "But where are the camels?" they all cried.

"The camels they went away," he answered. I had seen him when he started and had watched the camel stop to nibble at each tuft of grass on the roadside. Every time he nibbled he knelt down and as the bits of grass were on

OLD ROMAN RUINS AT TIMGAD

both sides of the road the progress was rather a zigzagging one, and I had fears of a week's stay in this lonesome place. Luckily, the automobile was near enough the hut for me to peep in the window.

Any woman would have been interested in seeing the way the road-mender's wife prepared her infant for bed. In the first place it had on a little black woolen shirt which she did not take off. Its lower garments were nothing but long, straight lengths of heavy, unbleached cotton, which she turned up over its legs and fastened with a big roll of surgical bandage, winding it round and round its little body till it looked like a mummy, and I don't see how it could draw a long breath. My mistress thought of the pictures she had seen in Italy of the Bambino. Then the mother washed a big glass which looked like a lemonade squeezer and placing it over her breast gave the child nourishment through it.

My mind was somewhat diverted by watching all these things through the window, so different from anything in America, but all the time I was longing to get started. "The

camels, they went away!" I could hear that voice all night long.

Just as I was beginning to give up hope, what should I hear but the faint tinkle of a bicycle bell! How I longed for my tongue that I might ring aloud for help. However it proved to be our friend, the road-mender, returning from his tour of inspection. He brought the bicycle into the hut and at the sight my people who had just finished supper pounced upon it and with the promise of an ample reward, engaged the all-night services of bicycle and man for a trip to El Kef. Before leaving, he provided them with a lamp, so all four sat in the automobile till 3:30 A. M. It was a weird experience, a bright starlight night in the middle of Tunisia, not a thing to be seen but the long, white road and flat, arid country extending without a break as far as the eye could reach to the far distant mountains. Not a sound to be heard except (and that could hardly be called a sound, it was so soft and still) the padded footsteps of a passing camel carrying a tall, muffled Arab on its back. It would loom up out of the distance,

a silhouette against a starlit sky and pass like a veritable ship in the night. Now and then the savage barking of the Kabyle dog would bring terror and at the same time a sense of safety to our hearts. My people dozed a little, the S. P. M. snored, but all night long I stood up on the radiator with wide open eyes looking, looking. At last the welcome lights of an approaching carriage were to be seen. It was the road-mender with gasoline.

When we arrived at the dirty little Italian hotel at El Kef an hour before dawn, my people wished they had spent the rest of the night in the car!

This happened on the eleventh of March on the return journey from Tunis to Algiers. My mistress did not like Tunis. It was flat, monotonous, ugly and windy; when it was not dusty, it was muddy. She thought it ought to have been called Tourist, it was so infested by that species of human being. I heard her say if she had been in John Howard Payne's place when he was consul there for ten years she, too, could have written "Home, Sweet Home."

Perhaps her impressions were somewhat af-

fected by the death and burial of the young English officer, whom she had remembered as being so jolly and bright back in Algiers. The funeral was at 7 A. M. It was very cold and very sad. My people were the only strangers present.

The old Phœnicians understood better than the present inhabitants how to locate a town. Instead of placing it in the low, marshy, malaria infested flats of Tunis, they went upon a hill nearby, commanding a superb view of the Mediterranean, like unto the Bay of Naples, and there built Carthage. My mistress would like to have stayed on the site and dreamed a bit of that proud old city of which scarcely a trace remains, but motorists must needs move on. "It is forbidden to climb the *estrada*"—that was a sign in the Bey's Palace—but it is not forbidden to visit the Souks, as the bazaars or native shops in Tunis are called. Ask any tourist what he remembers about Tunis and he will answer, "The Souks."

My mistress had good occasion to remember them, for it was mostly there she did her sketching. The Mohammedans have an innate dis-

NATIVE STREET IN CONSTANTINE

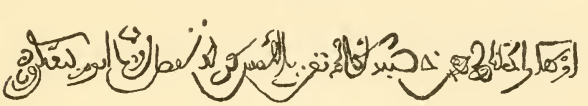
like to being painted or photographed, but a pencil, albeit a colored one, they have not become accustomed to. In that way she wheedled the Arab schoolmaster into letting her make a sketch of his school. The classroom was at the head of a flight of stairs leading from the street; the floor was covered with matting except for a space about three feet square at the top of the stairway, beyond which my mistress was not allowed to put her foot.

Stretching across the whole back of the room was a divan, where the master sat, dressed in flowing robes and turban. The scholars were all little boys. They came clattering up the stairs, making much noise, took off their brown hooded burnouses, and removed their shoes before stepping upon the matting. Beneath their hoods, the children wore little red fezzes which they kept on throughout the lesson. Then each one picked up his own special slate or tablet on which was inscribed in beautiful flowing Arabic characters a verse from the Koran. When this verse is thoroughly learned the slate is repainted a bluish gray all ready to receive a new verse. My mistress tried in vain

to wheedle the master into letting her handle one of these tablets—it evidently was too sacred to be touched by profane hands. Even the English Professor who accompanied her was not allowed the privilege of examining one, much less handling it. Then, shouting at the tops of their voices, swaying their bodies back and forth, they would recite their lessons at the top of their little lungs. As no two of them were yelling the same thing, it was like Bedlam let loose.

When I heard my mistress tell about it, I did not wonder she demoralized the whole school, and worried the schoolmaster almost out of his senses. All the children in the Souks would recognize her afterwards, and give her a right friendly smile. By dint of much effort she procured a similar tablet to those used in the school, and had it inscribed with an Arabic lesson. After that the difficulty was to get it translated. A friend offered to let one of his native servants do it but the language was too classic. Then she took it to one of the bazaars in Algiers. She has a mental picture of that episode, an apostle-like

Arab seated at a table in the street, poring over the slate, muttering to himself in French "Oh! it is so beautiful, so beautiful." At last a translation into French was made. After that difficulty was overcome, came the still greater one of putting the French into poetical English. This is the result:



"Oh little people! the promise of Allah is true. Do not let yourself be deceived by the life here below. The life here below is like the water which descends from heaven and revives the plants of the earth, which in turn nourish man. When the earth becomes beautiful man thinks himself all powerful. Then there comes an order from Allah during the day or night to make the earth dry; it is not enough for man to simply touch the earth to make things grow. This is the explanation of the words of God to those who reflect."

I wonder what American children would think of a lesson like this.

Since our return to America I have often seen that wooden slate, and in imagination I am again in Tunis. I can see my mistress sketching in the Souks amid a babel of sounds; the old marabout with his load of Bocarro rugs on his back; the fat Jewesses waddling along the streets. It is said the husbands fatten up their wives so as to keep them at home, and a wife has no value in his eyes till she has tipped the scales at at least two hundred pounds.

Until we went to Tunis my mistress had always thought of the word Bocarro as being the name of a rug but she found instead that it was the name of a man, or rather many men, for wherever she went in Tunis the card of "Bocarro Père et Fils" was thrust in her face, into her pocket, or slipped into her hand. At last out of sheer desperation, some rugs were bought. After the usual haggling, and when she thought the price was all settled, an enormous tip was demanded for the marabout, or holy man, who seems to hang around every bazaar or Souk. This holy man took the rugs to the hotel on his back. It was funny to see him sneak through all the back streets, and into

STREET IN BOU SAADA

the kitchen of the hotel, so the S. P. M. wouldn't see him and claim a portion of the pourboire. The little bell told me all about it and we had a good jingling laugh together.

These marabouts seem to be quite an institution in North Africa. My mistress had read a story about them in a recent number of Harper's and she felt as if she could have added a few funny facts of her own. For instance, we motored to El Hamil, a little village grown up around a so-called university. This university was presided over by four marabouts, each marabout had four wives and, most thrilling of all, they all lived together. The special purpose of the school is to teach the classical language of the Koran.

My people were invited to drink coffee with the four marabouts. They went upstairs to a large, bare room, and solemnly sat around a huge table. Surreptitiously my mistress began sketching one of them, but was soon found out. She was then informed that it was not etiquette to sketch that one—of course the most picturesque—ahead of the other, so she had to turn her attention to the master mara-

bout. After marking him off with a few lines, she again turned her attention to the more interesting marabout, but was again informed that after having sketched the most high and mighty, it was not etiquette to do a lesser one. Moreover he kept the sketch.

Afterwards they gave the marabouts a ride in the automobile. I never in my life so longed for the power to turn my head around as I did at that moment. I could just imagine that sheet-and-pillow-case party going on inside the car and I wanted to see it. I could hear their yells and frantic efforts to get out.

Standing out there on the front of the automobile in all kinds of weather, seeing all kinds of people, going through all sorts of country, I cannot help philosophizing a bit now and then. You see I am by myself so much. How strange it seems that this great gasoline product of the present age, the newest, most modern thing we have, should be the means of unveiling for us that which has been hidden for lo! these many years, not unveiling it for the few, but the many. Here were these marabouts, dwelling upon their heights, unvisited,

unseen, till the automobile pushed its way into their midst. Even the harem is no longer the secluded spot it formerly was. We motored to a tiny out-of-the-way place in the country, called Tibilis, so that my mistress could visit the harem of the Sheik. She was taken through a courtyard up a flight of stairs and into a chamber where she was introduced to one of his wives, rather a pretty girl with the usual dark, heavy eyes. The room was bare, containing only a metal bed and a small dressing table covered with cosmetics, so low the lady must have had to sit on the floor to see herself in the tiny mirror. But yes, there was one more object in the room, a phonograph! I suppose the lady thought as long as she could not entertain her visitors by talking, not having any language in common, she would let the music talk. My mistress said it was funny to hear Sousa's band, French vaudeville and waltzes, away out in the solitudes of the African mountains, miles from any railway; and it was not until the disc entitled the "Bey of Tunis" was put in, and she could hear again the music of tomtoms and the peculiar outcry of Al-

gerian dancers, that she realized where she was. Then a thought came to her: she would buy some of the records of native music.

In Tunis she told the S. P. M. what she wanted. She put it in the simplest language possible, explaining that it was a round, flat, black thing about the size of a dinner plate. When she returned to the hotel that evening she found he had bought a whole phonograph with all its appurtenances! There was already a huge typewriter in the automobile, and the thought of a phonograph was a straw too much. The S. P. M. was drawing five dollars a day for doing just such fool things. If my mistress sketched in a certain place in the Souks one day, and wished to return to the same spot the next, he never could find it.

So many curious types were to be found in the Souks. One day she saw a man and a child working on the same garment. The man sewed, while the boy, standing about eight feet away, pulled taut on two strands of thread attached to the garment under the man's fingers, and, at each stitch, the boy threw the spools from one hand to the other. They were

EL KANTARA, THE GATEWAY OF THE DESERT

embroidering a garment hand-woven of goat's hair. Of course everything native is made by hand, unless it is imported from Manchester or made in Germany.

Oh, ye tourists, beware!

I don't know what the natives would do without goats. The goats' hair as well as the camels' furnishes the thread from which they weave their garments. The skin makes their shoes, the milk gives them sustenance. We encountered so many of these goats on the long journey to and from Algiers and Tunis. The only really wild animals we saw besides the Kabyle dogs were monkeys and once a little panther. It ran across our path while Frederico was stopping to repair the fan belt of the car. I was dreadfully frightened and I did hope my mistress would not wander far into the woods. However, as it was raining, she was not tempted to explore. In fact, it seems to me it was raining and cold most of the time, and I don't think my mistress ever began a sketch but that she was stopped by rain. Even in Biskra where it is not supposed to rain more than seven days out of

three hundred and sixty-five, we had three of them in a week. In Constantine it rained. In Timgad, where lie the magnificent ruins of an old Roman city, it sleeted. Nothing daunted, however, my mistress sketched between drops the triumphal arch of Trajan, and other bits silhouetted against the mountains. For foreground there was always the paved street, the ruts of the chariot wheels still showing in the wide stone blocks.

In my mistress' mind, the ruins of Timgad, in Algeria, grand as they are, do not approach in point of picturesqueness those of Dougga in Tunisia. She could have stayed in Dougga for days; that is, if the native children had not been so obstreperous. Usually no number of children would really bother her, but in Dougga, miles from anywhere, an automobile and a lady sketching were an irresistible combination, and constant cries of *"un sou, un sou"* disturbed her very much. Before the days of automobiling these two cities were practically inaccessible to the average traveler, hidden away as they are behind the mountains.

At home, when one thinks of North Africa

the mental picture is apt to be that of a desert. Even back in the days of the old Roman historian, Strabo, he refers to the desert, "spotted like a panther's hide." All the letters from America referred to our being in the hot, sandy desert, whereas only one glimpse of the real article did we obtain, and that was in the distance and then it looked for all the world like a glimpse of blue sea out on the horizon line. Instead of hot deserts, we found mountains, sometimes covered with snow, sometimes treeless rocky peaks, and always cold, so cold that a fire, no matter how much it smoked, was the first thing my people demanded on arriving at a place. And such a funny little fire it always was, made of roots that would only burn when kerosene was poured over them. Even I, out in the queer make-shift garages, could feel the cold and damp. Once a little pig slept all night on the running board of the automobile. I couldn't turn my head around to see him, but I could hear him snore, and in the morning Frederico had to wake him up.

In the place of desert, we motored past immense vineyards and through dense forests;

many of these forests contained cork trees. What a wise provision of nature it is that in a country where so much wine is produced there should be found so much material for making corks! A forest of this description is not beautiful; the bark which is very thick is stripped up to a certain point, giving the trees an air of nakedness as to legs. Somehow they kept reminding my mistress of the fairy story about the old peasant woman who fell asleep in the forest. While she was sleeping an ogre came along and chopped off her skirts up to the knee. When she awoke she did not recognize herself, and all the rest of her life she kept wandering through the world imploring everyone she met to tell her who she was. I felt so sorry for the poor trees.

Most of the cork forests were on the road to Constantine. There is an old saying that "He who would hold Algeria must first take Constantine," and I can well believe it. The city is perched up on a high fortressed rock, seemingly as impregnable as Gibraltar, and is guarded by French officers with Arab soldiers. It is interesting to see a whole regiment march

by in their baggy trousers. My mistress bought a phonograph record of their marching music the "Corps de Chasse." All the African music is full of plaintive minor notes that seem to linger in one's memory and strike a responsive chord on my ringing sides.

With its queer Jewish quarter and its steep up-and-down Arab streets, it is a strange medley of a town. My mistress christened the native quarters "the blue city," for the whitewash with which its houses are spread is thoroughly mixed with indigo. The houses almost meet overhead, and storks have built nests on the roofs of many of them. It is considered unlucky to remove these nests. While my mistress was sketching one of these streets the storks visited their nests, making a curious black and white silhouette against the sky. Close by was a Turkish bath for native women and children, which my mistress afterwards visited. Their dark bodies glistening in the steam, their shrieks of laughter, the jollity of the children, all combined to make a most curious Oriental scene.

In Constantine, the veiled women dress in

black, whereas in Algiers they are always in white.

There are only two classes of Arab women, those that are veiled, and those that dance. Most of the dancing girls come from the mountains in the far south. My mistress went to one of these dances in an out-of-the-way little town called Bon Saâda which means "Place of Happiness." The hall in which the dance took place was about the shape of a bowling alley, long and narrow. Three rows of benches in tiers on each side were filled with Arab men done up in unbleached muslin, only the black eyes, and brows, and nose showing. The musicians played upon tomtoms at one end, the girls danced in at the other. This abdominal dancing has been described so often there is no need of going into particulars. Suffice it to say that the Arabs looked bored, and never seemed to take the slightest interest in the bejeweled, painted, henna-stained young girls. It was not until an absolutely undecorated old hag came wiggling in that they seemed to take any notice. She was emaciated and looked like a dowdy Irish washerwoman, but the lit-

STREET OF THE DANCING GIRLS IN BISKRA

tle bell told me she had never heard such applause. All the Arabs woke up and appeared intensely interested. It seems she had just come from the mountains that night and was a very celebrated dancer. One mistake that people often make in describing these dances is not to refer to the fact that the girls are fully clad in long-sleeved, long-skirted, high-necked dresses. I saw a sketch that my mistress made of one of them, so know it for a fact. This sketch was made in Biskra.

On the way to Biskra we motored through El Kantara which is called the Gateway of the Desert. Passing through this magnificent gorge we left cold, bleak winter and mountains behind, and emerged upon summer and sunshine, and flat, sandy stretches. In the sketch you will see this well defined.

Biskra is the Beni Mora of "The Garden of Allah." My mistress was introduced to Safti who had been Robert Hichens' guide. He took her to the famous garden in which Domini spent so much time, and explained how he had given the author most of the data concerning that story. She saw the purple dog, only it

wasn't purple, but a violent blue, and made of china. On a divan in the little round smoking house devoted to the dog lay an Arab youth gracefully poised, playing on his flute. Of course it was not Larbi. They said Larbi was ill and in the hospital but that this was his brother. Strange how when one Arab disappears, his brother always crops up. The plaintive notes of the flute floated on the air to me as I waited outside and I remembered hearing my mistress say that the words of the song he sang haunted her. "Nobody but God and I know what is in my heart."

Safti showed her his own home and introduced her to his family. The house was the usual dried mud hovel, although the owner has the reputation of being a rich man. My mistress asked him if it would be possible to get the Ouled Naïl girl she had seen dancing the night before, to pose for her. Ouled means tribe, and most of these girls belong to this Naïl tribe. He said it would be necessary to get the permission of a policeman, so a rendezvous was arranged in a street café. Safti, the girl, my mistress, her husband, and

the policeman all sat down to coffee. At first the girl was sullen and would not agree to anything, and it was not until the policeman had disappeared that she showed any signs of thawing. Finally a definite sum was settled upon and she consented to pose for an hour if my mistress would agree to meet her at a certain corner, and chaperon her to and from the hotel. I myself was a little bit disappointed, for I had heard some talk of taking her out in the automobile and getting her to pose in the desert, and I thought in that way I might have a good look at her.

Rumors of the quantities of gold coins (Louis d'or) each worth four dollars, which she wore in chains suspended from the top of her head, and of her many silver bracelets and anklets, had reached me, and I took a good look at the picture when it was finished.

All the Arabs in the hotel were on the *qui vive* with curiosity, so my mistress showed them the sketch. They immediately recognized the girl and wrote her name, her father's and her mother's name, and the town from which she came. "Halima bent (that is,

daughter of) Abdel Rahman."

Afterwards she sketched the street of the Ouled Naïls in which the girls live.

As it rained hard that day, it was just as well they did not try to motor. One day we motored from Biskra to the picturesque little town of Chetma; it is called the Venice of the Desert. A sketch was made there, also one of a Kabyle tent which we passed en route. These tents are made of lovely colored wools obtained from the long-suffering goat. The Kabyle people are the most primitive race in North Africa. They remind one somewhat of Esquimaux. If a Kabyle woman shakes hands with you, the proper thing is for you to immediately kiss your own hand. She does the same to hers. The children are called mochachos. The race is still the wandering nomad of the desert and to be fought shy of after dark or in a lonely place. My people were very fortunate in never encountering anything disagreeable, except weather, and once an almost impassable road, but that was the S. P. M.'s fault. The patient man of our party did rise up then in his wrath and cursed

him in curses both loud and deep.

Still, in looking back on the trip, my mistress says the S. P. M. unconsciously supplied a note of comedy that perhaps but for him might have been lacking in the strenuous life that they lead, for strenuous it undoubtedly was, with its tough mountain climbing, sharp hair-pin curves, and long unbroken distances. Of course there was tire trouble; the chambers, as the S. P. M. called inner tubes, were constantly being punctured, but when friends who had no automobile told of their harrowing experiences in the "Blue 'Bus," my people felt as if their journey had been a joy forever.

On returning we arrived in Algiers just in time for the Governor's ball, fit climax to a motor trip in North Africa. This ball is given for the natives, not the tourists. Sheiks, caïds, marabouts, all in gorgeous colors like a tale out of the Arabian Nights, were present. My mistress looked for her marabout, but could not find him.

Of course I waited on the automobile outside and feasted my eyes on the beautiful garden with its clumps of colored electric lights grow-

ing like flowers out of the grass. The evening was balmy and soft like a hot summer night in July at home. The sirocco, which had been blowing for three days, drying up the roses and heating the blood of the people till they were cross and quarrelsome, had settled into a gentle zephyr.

I was glad, for the morrow was to see me start on my homeward voyage and I did not like the thought of the Mediterranean in a heavy wind. People are apt to picture the Mediterranean as a land-locked summer lake, whereas my experience, as well as that of all to whom I have listened, is that it can be cold and rough and windy and it is only on shore that one can live the idyllic existence of warmth and summer skies.

So farewell to Mediterranean lands! I am still standing on the radiator of the automobile, but it is dark all around me, for I am packed tightly in a huge box down in the hold of the ship. Only the sound of the engine reaches me as it propels the vessel through the waves and my thoughts keep time

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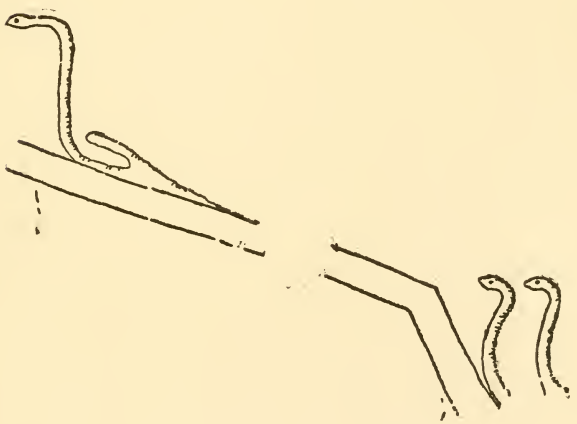
to its pulsations, thoughts that carry me back to North Africa, and I am already longing for the time to come when, with the tongue my mistress has promised to lend me, I may tell her my adventures. Perhaps some day—who knows—I may be allowed to accompany her once more and add another Idyl to her store.



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